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~Prologue~

Shadows crept over a small clearing, temporarily shading a glistening pool of water. Wind gently brushed past the trees and created a soft humming sound. The newly full moon shone brightly from it's place up in the dim sky. The shadows slowly began to be replaced with moonlight. The pool glinted with the reflection of tiny, distant stars.

A cat stepped out of the bushes and into the clearing, her grey pelt turning to silver in the soft moonlight. Sehe approached the pool cautiously, green eyes flashing. A slight breeze carried along with scent of another cat.

The grey she-cat crouched and prepared to fight. The bushes rustled and a brown tabby stepped out of the undergrowth. He began to pad forward slowly, amber eyes scanning the clearing. When his eyes raked over the grey she-cat, he paused and growled softly. The grey she-cat instantly relaxed.

"Owlbreeze," the tabby hissed through gritted teeth. "I didn't know that *you* would come here tonight."

"We're having a gathering of SpiritClan members," the grey she-cat replied calmly. "Riverstar has chosen me to attend in her honour, to select a cat to be apart of the prophecy. Did she choose you as well, Bramblefoot, or have you come on your own accord?"

"She chose me," Bramblefoot meowed. "Do you know of the other two cats chosen to attend tonight?"

"No," Owlbreeze answered truthfully. Bramblefoot padded forward to sit down beside her, and together they waited for the last two cats to arrive. Finally, just when Owlbreeze was beginning to wonder if they were even coming at all, suddenly two cats appeared out of the bushes. One was a black-and-white tom, and the other a

small ginger tabby she-cat. Owlbreeze wondered why the ginger tabby was so small.

"Bouncetail," Owlbreeze greeted the newcomers. "It's nice to see you here tonight."

"I am grateful to be here, Owlbreeze," the black-and-white tom replied, flicking his tail in the direction of the ginger tabby. "This here is my apprentice, Applepaw."

The ginger she-cat smiled shyly at Owlbreeze and Bramblefoot. Now Owlbreeze understood why the she-cat was so small — the tabby was only an apprentice!

"Apple*paw*?" Bramblefoot exclaimed. "You brought an *apprentice* to choose the four prophecy cats?"

Applepaw looked down at her paws uncomfortably, green eyes unhappy. Bouncetail touched his white tail tip to his apprentice's shoulder reassuringly, the turned his cold blue eyes to Bramblefoot.

"For you information, Bramblefoot," he hissed. "Applepaw here died trying to save me, her mentor. Was your apprentice that loyal?"

Bramblefoot narrowed his eyes. "Why is the *apprentice* here anyways?"

"The *apprentice* has a name," Bouncetail snapped. "And Rainstar selected her, so you are questioning the choice of our great leader herself when you ask that."

"Whatever," Bramblefoot muttered. "Can we just choose the four prophecy cats already?"

"Are there any rules?" Applepaw asked her mentor keenly.

"Is the cat is a kit or has not yet been born, then it would be easier to give them the prophecy powers," Bouncetail explained, all signs of aggression gone. He and Applepaw padded forward to sit down beside the pool.

"Who would like to go first?" Owlbreeze asked. "Why not you,

Bramblefoot? I am curious as to who you have chosen."

"Alright," Bramblefoot agreed. "See and approve my choice."

Slowly he bent down and gently touched his nose to the pool. When he lifted his head back up, the water rippled and an image of a dark grey tabby appeared when Bramblefoot's reflection has just been. The tabby she-cat was only a kit. The image showed the tabby playing with two other kits, but they were too blurry for Owlbreeze to see them properly. The tabby rolled over and threw a moss ball into the air, then tackled one of the other kits when they tried to get it.

Bramblefoot waved his tail over the pool and the image vanished.

"She looks strong," Bouncetail commented. "She will make a fine warrior one day."

"Do you all agree?" Bramblefoot asked, looking around the group of cats with piercing amber eyes.

"I agree," Applepaw offered after a long pause. Bouncetail glanced swiftly at Owlbreeze and nodded in agreement.

"As do I," Owlbreeze added. Bramblefoot nodded and took a step backward so that Bouncetail could take his place beside the pool. The black-and-white tom bent forward and touched his nose to the pool's surface.

"See and approve my choice," Bouncetail quoted as he sat upright. The image of a small golden she-kit replaced his reflection in the pool. The golden she-kit was watching another kit sleep, but the second kit was blurry, just like the two kits in the previous image. Owlbreeze watched as the she-kit eventually snuggled down beside the blurry kit. Owlbreeze watched them sleep until Bouncetail waved his tail over the pool and the image vanished.

"I have been watching her closely," he explained. "And she is a smart, brave kit. She will be a great warrior some day."

"But will she be suitable for the prophecy?" Owlbreeze asked. "You can't just choose a cat because of their brain. The knowledge of

being in the prophecy could destroy some cats."

"You *dare* question my choice?" Bouncetail hissed, tail lashing. "Why would I select her is I didn't think she was strong enough?"

Owlbreeze lowered her head and flattened her ears. "I did not mean for you to take offence, Bouncetail. But very well. I approve of your choice."

Bouncetail nodded, satisfied with Owlbreeze's remark. Do the rest of you agree?"

Applepaw nodded vigorously. Bouncetail glared at Bramblefoot until, hesitantly, the brown tabby reluctantly agreed.

"My turn!" Applepaw bolted for the pool, then skidded to a stop, looking up at Owlbreeze. "Unless...you want to go next?"

"No, it's fine," Owlbreeze answered, smiling in encouragement at the young apprentice. Bouncetail nodded in approval.

"See and approve my choice," Applepaw meowed as she crouched beside the pool. She gently touched her nose to the smooth water. She she stood back up, an image slowly spread across the pool like ink.

The image showed a brown tom with a white chest and paws drinking from a small stream. No other cats were around him. Once the kit had finished his drink, he quickly turned and scurried away. Applepaw brushed her tail over the pool and the image disappeared beneath the rippling water.

Applepaw sat down and wrapped her tail over her paws, gazing at them all with eager green eyes.

"I approve," Bouncetail meowed at once. Bramblefoot and Owlbreeze nodded in agreement, and Applepaw took a step backwards, glancing at the one cat who had not yet chosen.

Owlbreeze padded forward cautiously and gently touched her nose to the pool, gasping at the shock of how cold it was.

"See and approve my choice," Owlbreeze quoted as she sat upright. The image of a tiny tortoiseshell she-kit replaced Owlbreeze's reflection. The tortoiseshell she-kit was watching a blurry cat mix herbs together, her eyes wide in fascination. The she-kit leaned forward and dabbed at the herb mixture, then tasted it. She recoiled in disgust and spat out the herb mixture, then returned to watching the blurry cat mix herbs together. Owlbreeze smiled to herself and then waved her tail over the pool so the image would vanish. She looked at the other hopefully.

"That was a *medicine cat*!" Bramblefoot spat in disgust. "Why in *SpiritClan* would you choose a future *medicine cat*?"

"I have to agree with Bramblefoot," Bouncetail added. "What were you thinking, Owlbreeze? How could a medicine cat possibly handle the pressure of being in the prophecy?"

"The journey will be tough and hard," Bramblefoot growled. "Do you really think a future *medicine cat* would handle that?"

Owlbreeze contemplated their words for a moment before speaking up. "I chose her because she has a strong mind. Yes, she will become a medicine cat, but she will be of use to the other cats in the prophecy. She will be able to read the signs we send her. She will be able to tend to their wounds and cure their sicknesses."

"In that case, I agree with your choice, Owlbreeze," Applepaw spoke up. "She will be useful to have in the prophecy."

Bramblefoot and Bouncetail remained silent, glaring into the silver pool as if they were thinking deeply. At last, Bouncetail spoke.

"Very well," he meowed, and Owlbreeze breathed a sigh of relief. "I approve of your choice, Owlbreeze."

"Thank you," Owlbreeze murmured to him, then turned to Bramblefoot. "Please accept her, Bramblefoot. She is brave and loyal. She will serve her Clan well."

Bramblefoot hesitated, glaring at Owlbreeze, but eventually he nodded in agreement. Owlbreeze thanked him and turned to the

others.

"Now that the four prophecy cats have been chosen," she yowled, "we must send them a message and alert them of the danger coming to RainClan. The gathering is dismissed."

Bramblefoot stalked away first, still glaring into the forest. Bouncetail touched his tail tip to Owlbreeze's shoulder in farewell, then quietly padded away, Applepaw hurrying after him.

Owlbreeze was left alone in the clearing, wind whistling past her ears and ruffling her fur. Glancing up at the moon one last time, she stood and silently prayed for the journey to go well and for the chosen cats to succeed in their quest to save RainClan. The grey she-cat looked up at the stars, praying to her warrior ancestors and temporarily forgetting that she was also a member of SpiritClan.

Then, silently, Owlbreeze turned and padded away, leaving the clearing empty and eerily quiet as it unfurled with shadows.

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Hiya!

Ambercloud14 here and I just want to let you know that this is my first fanfiction, so if there are any mistakes please let me know. I would also like to recommend @doveflutter's warrior cats fanfiction, 'Grim Hollow'. I'm reading it at the moment and it is very good!

Just an FYI, in case this wasn't obvious: Owlbreeze, Bramblefoot, Bouncetail and Applepaw are dead. They are members of SpiritClan (basically the same thing as StarClan).

Anyways, I hope you enjoy this fanfiction. Yes, I know I forgot to include the 'Clans' page, but does that really matter? I've already completed next chapter, so you won't have to wait long.
~~~~~

~Chapter 1~

Amberkit stirred in her sleep, trying not to wake up but waking up anyway. She sat up and looked around the nursery with bright yellow eyes dimmed by the darkness. The whole place smelt like milk and moss.

"Good morning, Amberkit," a gentle voice cooed. Amberkit turned to see a ginger she-cat with a white chest and paws. Her amber eyes shone as she looked down at Amberkit.

"Hi, Foxheart," Amberkit greeted the ginger queen. She turned and noticed that the tortoiseshell pelt of her mother wasn't there. "Where's Moonfire?"

"She's helping Jayflight and Ashtail patch up that hole in the nursery wall," Foxheart replied, standing and stretching in her nest. "Mudkit and Flamekit are outside if you want to go play with them."

Amberkit nodded and instinctively turned around to wake up her sisters and finding out that their nest was empty. She could only faintly smell their scent, as well as the scent of her mother, Moonfire.

"Where are Stormkit and Snowkit?" Amberkit asked, and a new voice spoke up.

"Outside," a cream-coloured she-cat with amber eyes meowed. Amberkit recognised her as Dawnlily. The cream-coloured queen shifted slightly, careful not to wake her two sleeping kits, Silkkit and Mousekit. "I think they went to the elders' den."

"Okay!" Amberkit squealed, hopping out of her nest and running outside. She was instantly bathed in sunshine and she blinked, looking at her surroundings.

The camp was busy today. The brown tabby warrior Barkstripe was leading a patrol that consisted of the black she-cat Ivytail, Patchfoot — a black-and-white tom — and Honeypaw, a pale gold she-cat, out of camp. Wolfstrike, RainClan's deputy, was speaking with Burntstar, RainClan's leader and Amberkit's father, as well as Riverfreckle, a grey she-cat with darker grey spots, Tigerpelt, a dark ginger tom, and Birdwing, a pale ginger tabby tom.

Meanwhile, the white warrior Whitepelt was sharing a mouse with Thistlestorm, a white tom with black-and-grey tabby patches. Silverheart, a silver tabby she-cat, was just heading into camp with Daisypaw, a white she-cat, and Willowheart, a pale brown she-cat, each with prey in their jaws.

Amberkit turned and headed for the elders' den, which was located right beside the nursery. The elders' den was a small cave, with twigs, ferns and bits of bracken woven together to form a wall at the mouth of the cave. Amberkit meowed a 'hello' to the black tom that was dozing outside — Blackpelt. She pushed her way inside and was greeted by four friendly faces.

"Hello, Amberkit," a white she-cat with pale grey tabby patches meowed kindly. "Are you looking for your sisters?"

Amberkit nodded. "Have you seen them, Mistyflower?"

"Those rascals came in here a few minutes ago," a dark grey tabby tom growled. Amberpaw looked down at his leg and winced. Where the tabby's paw had once been, there was now just a stump from when a badger had attacked him. "They were making so much noise I wished I was deaf."

"Cindercloud, those kits didn't mean any harm," a tortoiseshell-and-white she-cat piped up. "They're just kits."

"Kits are *annoying*, Rippledawn," Cindercloud hissed. "I'm going to go lie down with Blackpelt."

"Alright," a black-and-white she-cat replied. Amberkit glanced up at her eyes and saw that one was all misted over, a kind of blue-white colour.

Cindercloud stalked past Amberkit and pushed his way outside.

"Cindercloud is so grumpy," the black-and-white she-cat, Misteye, complained. "I wish he'd get a brain in his head."

"Shush," Rippledawn hissed. "Amberkit needs help to find her sisters."

"Yes," Amberkit cut in. "Dawnlily told me they were here."

"Well, they're obviously not," Misteye muttered. "Maybe they went back to the nursery?"

"Maybe," Amberkit replied hopefully, ignoring the elder's rude comment.

"Why don't you go look for them?" Mistyflower suggested. "I hope they're not bothering Toadfeather again."

"Last time Flamekit ate all of his poppy seeds," Rippledawn added. "And Stormkit ate one of his marigold petals — I hope she didn't get too sick."

"She didn't," Amberkit meowed. She remembered the day where they broke into the medicine cat's den and ate all the herbs. The poppy seeds were delicious — it wasn't just Flamekit that ate them all. Amberkit had to admit that she ate almost half of them.

"Anyways," Misteye sighed, standing up. "I'm going to go join Blackpelt and Cindercloud."

"I'll go look for Stormkit and Snowkit," Amberkit squeaked as she stood up. "Bye!"

"Bye, Amberkit," Rippledawn and Mistyflower called after her, but Misteye said nothing as she flopped down beside Blackpelt outside.

Amberkit hurried over to the medicine cat's den, which was a small clearing with a cave to one side and a large bush beside it. Toadfeather, a fluffy brown tabby tom, was mixing herbs by a small log. He glanced up as Amberkit entered.

"Amberkit!" Toadfeather greeted her; he'd grown used to her randomly appearing since she'd decided to help him sort and mix herbs. She enjoyed being in the medicine cat's den — it seemed more calm and peaceful than the rest of the camp.

"Hi, Toadfeather," Amberkit meowed. Already she could see that her sisters hadn't been here. There was no mess, and Toadfeather didn't look like he was in a bad mood. His amber eyes shone with happiness. "Have you seen Stormkit and Snowkit?"

Toadfeather thought for a moment. "No, I haven't. Sorry, Amberkit."

"It's okay," Amberkit replied, backing out of the den. "See you later, Toadfeather!"

Amberkit scurried out of the den and over to the side of the nursery, where Moonfire, a tortoiseshell queen and Amberkit's mother, was busy stuffing bits of bracken and ferns into the nursery wall. There was no sign of Jayflight or Ashtail now.

"Hi, Moonfire," Amberkit meowed a greeting. "Do you know where Stormkit and Snowkit are?"

"No," Moonfire answered, shaking the fern leaves off her tortoiseshell pelt. "I thought they were in the elders' den?"
"I looked there," Amberkit sat down and frowned. "I want to play with them."

"Have you checked Toadfeather's den?" Moonfire checked. Amberkit nodded in response. "I hope they haven't gone out of camp then."

Amberkit huffed. "They wouldn't go without me, would they?"

"No, of course not," Moonfire meowed, but a concerned look passed through her eyes. "They might be playing around the side of the nursery?"

"Maybe," Amberkit exclaimed. "I'll go look. Bye, Moonfire!"

Moonfire flicked her tail as she heading back inside the nursery. Amberkit began to pad around the side of the nursery, feeling a bit upset that she couldn't find her sisters.

"Pssst!"

Amberkit froze, fear crawling along her spine. Who was that? An enemy warrior? She was about to call Moonfire's name when suddenly she was yanked into the bushed behind the nursery. Amberkit let out a yelp and tripped over a branch. She heard a small giggle.

"Silly Amberkit," a voice laughed. "True warriors don't trip over branches."

Who said I wanted to be a warrior? Amberkit thought bitterly, thinking about Toadfeather's den. She sat up and blinked, struggling to see through the darkness.

A dark grey tabby she-kit blinked back at her with bright yellow eyes from where she was sitting beside a black-and-white she-kit with green eyes.

"Stormkit? Snowkit?" Amberpaw guessed. "Where have you *been*? I've been looking for you since sunhigh!"

"Sorry, Amberkit," Snowkit apologised, wrapping her tail around her paws. "But Mudkit and Flamekit wanted to show us their cool hiding spot, and you weren't awake yet. Moonfire said it was better not to wake you up."

"Oh," Amberkit replied. She sat down looked at Stormkit. "Dawnlily said you were at the elders' den."

"That's what we told them," Stormkit explained. "So they wouldn't find out cool new hiding spot!"

"You *lied* to Moonfire?" Amberkit gasped. "But she's our *mother*...you can't just *lie* to her! We might get in trouble!"

Snowkit sighed. "You're *such* a goody-two-paws, aren't you, Amberkit?"

Amberkit huffed and looked away. She wasn't that much of a goody-two-paws, was she? Of course, she always did what Moonfire told her too, but that was because Moonfire was her mother. Didn't

Stormkit and Snowkit do the same?

"Lighten up," Stormkit purred, standing up and flicking her tail. "At least we have an escape from the Clan chaos."

"True," Amberkit admitted. "But why can't where tell Moonfire? It's not like she can fit in here anyways."

Snowkit placed her tail on Amberkit's muzzle. "Because it's our *secret* hiding spot."

"Well, technically Mudkit and Flamekit found it first," Stormkit pointed out. "But they said we could have it because they already have their own."

"Where is it?" Amberkit asked her sisters keenly. "Maybe we could go attack them!"

Snowkit's eyes lit up. "Yes!"

They both turned to Stormkit.

"What?" the dark grey tabby asked, looking a bit worried. "Why are you looking at me?"

Amberkit laughed. "Do you know where Mudkit and Flamekit's hiding spot is?"

"No!" Stormkit looked baffled. "I thought Snowkit did!"

"I thought you did!" Snowkit admitted. She glared at Stormkit and growled slightly. Stormkit sat down and looked at Amberkit.

"Well, if none of us know where it is, then how can we attack them?" she asked. "I mean, we don't even know if they're even *in* their hiding spot."

"It's not fair that they know ours but we don't know there's!" Snowkit pointed out. "We should go find them."

Amberkit was about to agree with Snowkit when suddenly a cat's face appeared beside the bush. Amberkit could just see her through

the leaves.

"What's going on in here?" the she-cat demanded. "You kits come out here at once!"

Amberkit feebly came out of the bushes and sat down in front of the cat.

"Great," Stormkit muttered as she sat down beside Amberkit. "Now the whole camp knows where our hiding spot is."

"Hiding spot?" the she-cat echoed. Snowkit groaned and shot an angry look at Stormkit. Amberkit looked up at the she-cat and instantly crouched down.

The she-cat was a dark brown tabby, so dark that she was almost black, with bright blue eyes. Amberkit recognised her as Wolfstrike, RainClan's deputy.

Wolfstrike looked down at the three kits and frowned. "Burntstar's kits, right?" she guessed. Amberkit nodded slowly, still crouching. Stormkit lowered her head. "Why are you hiding?"

"No reason," Snowkit piped up. "It's our cool new hiding spot! And you don't have any right to come and kick us out of it!"

"Snowkit!" Amberkit hissed. "That's our Clan *deputy*! Stop being so *rude*!"

Snowkit shrugged. "So what? That doesn't mean she can boss me around. I'm *not* an apprentice yet, in case you haven't noticed."

Wolfstrike watched with a hint of amusement in her eyes. "Your mother is worried about you. And so is Foxheart. Do you know where her kits are?"

"No," Stormkit answered. "We were just talking about finding their hiding spot."

"So you all have hiding spots, hey?" Wolfstrike mused. "Well, Riverfreckle was just complaining about a squeaking noise coming from behind the warrior's den."

Snowkit's green eyes lit up. "Let's go invade their hiding spot!"

"Yeah!" Stormkit agreed. Amberkit looked up at Wolfstrike for permission just as Snowkit and Stormkit stood up, ready to go.

Wolfstrike flicked her ears, signalling that they could leave, and then headed into the nursery to report the whereabouts of Moonfire and Foxheart's kits.

Amberkit hurried after her sisters as they ran towards the warriors den; Stormkit and Snowkit had always been faster than her, Stormkit being the fastest.

As Amberkit began to pad around the back of the warrior's den — which was a large hollow fallen log — Snowkit stopped her.

"Why don't we go inside?" she suggested. "I mean, we've never been in there before."

"Of course we haven't," Amberkit pointed out. "We're only four moons old."

"I wish we could become apprentices *right now*," Stormkit muttered jealously. "It's so unfair that Mudkit and Flamekit get to become apprentices in a moon. We have to wait *two whole moons* for our apprentice ceremony."

"Who do you want you mentor to be?" Snowkit asked. "I hope I get Burntstar."

"You can't have Burntstar, silly, he's the Clan leader," Stormkit purred.

"Actually, you can have the Clan leader as your mentor," Amberkit meowed. "Toadfeather said so."

Snowkit shot Amberkit a weird look. "Honestly, Amberkit, you spend so much time around that silly old medicine cat it's like you want to be just like him."

"I swear there's going to be herbs growing on your fur soon," Stormkit teased. "I mean, seriously, he's just stuffing your brain with

useless nonsense."

"He's very wise," Amberkit hissed. "Stop disrespecting the Clan medicine cat! He's done a lot to help this Clan!"

"Like what?" Snowkit meowed. "Put cobwebs on cats' wounds? Scratches make you stronger. Pain makes you stronger. Honestly, Amberkit, you act like you want to be a silly old medicine cat!"

Amberkit felt a bit hurt. Toadfeather did a lot for the Clan! He healed their wounds and he helped Moonfire give *birth* to them, for StarClan's sake!

"Well, actually — " Amberkit began, but she was cut off by the grey tabby that strode out of the warrior's den.

"What are you kits doing here?" Jayflight, the grey tabby tom, snarled. "I've already had to deal with those pesky squealers behind the warrior's den! I don't want to have to listen to you three yammering about nonsense!"

Amberkit shrunk back, ears pinned to her head, but Snowkit turned and gave Amberkit a smug grin.

"Told you medicine cats were nonsense," her sister bragged smugly. Jayflight hissed.

"Go away!" he ordered. "Stop hanging around the warrior's den when some of us are *trying* to have a nap!"

Amberkit turned and hurried away as fast as she could, fear crawling along her spine. She didn't know that some warriors could be so mean. She pushed herself into the nursery and was instantly calmed by the warmth of it. Stormkit and Snowkit appeared behind her, obviously not at scared as she was. Amberkit spotted her mother, curled up her their nest, and darted over to her.

"Jayflight yelled at us," she told Moonfire as she hopped into the nest. "He scared me."

Stormkit jumped in after her with ease, her bright yellow eyes wide with fear. "Yeah. He was really loud."

Snowkit appeared beside Stormkit, and the three kits snuggled up together beside Moonfire, calm now because of the warmth.

"Oh yeah," Amberkit remembered. "We never found Mudkit and Flamekit."

Moonfire licked Amberkit's fluffy tortoiseshell fur. "They came back here complaining about the same thing. Jayflight can be a bit grumpy sometimes, but he's actually very nice."

Amberkit peeked over the side of her nest and looked into Dawnlily's. Silkkit and Mousekit were still asleep, and Dawnlily was gently licking them. She glanced into Foxheart's nest and saw the two sleeping bodies of a dark ginger tom and a brown tom with a white chest and paws. Flamekit and Mudkit were snoring lightly, accidentally kicking each other occasionally.

Yawning, Amberkit lay back down beside Stormkit and closed her eyes, feeling her mother's tongue raking over her back, and eventually she drifted off to sleep.

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Hiya!

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! I didn't spend much time proof-reading it, so if there's any mistakes please let me know.

I haven't actually written next chapter yet, so sorry if anyone has to wait a while. I normally get it done over two days, and I'll try and publish a new chapter every second day.

FYI: Amberkit, Stormkit and Snowkit are sisters; Mudkit and Flamekit are brothers; Silkkit and Mousekit are siblings.

Hope you enjoy the next chapter! I was debating whether to make it a different protagonist to this chapter, but I eventually decided not to. Maybe later in the fanfiction! Also, Amberkit is my warrior cats OC, so that's why she's the main character.

Next chapter: some kits become apprentices!
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~Chapter 2~

A pile of moss drifted past Amberkit's muzzle and she leaped, catching it between her paws and landing satisfyingly pinned under her claws. She looked up, grinning, as her sisters came racing towards her.

"Nice catch, Amberkit!" Stormkit called. She skidded to a stop and flexed her claws. "But I think that I could do better!"

Amberkit rolled her eyes. "Ha. As if."

"Sorry Stormkit, but I could do better than *both* of you," Snowkit bragged, tossing her black-and-white head. "Seriously, Amberkit, you looked like a dead fox."

Amberkit huffed and frowned at her sister. She crouched and grinned at Snowkit. "Oh yeah?"

"Yeah," Snowkit challenged. "I'm the best at fighting!"

"Says the one who's not even an apprentice yet," Amberkit shot back, preparing to jump.

"Says the one who wants to be a medicine cat," Snowkit retorted. She crouched down, ready to jump, and as soon as she sailed into the air Amberkit dodged and leapt on top of her. Stormkit joined in, batting Snowkit in the side of the head with sheathed claws. Snowkit yelped and jumped onto Stormkit, and soon Amberkit shoved Snowkit away and swiped at Stormkit with a soft forepaw. Stormkit hissed and leapt on top of Amberkit, and Amberkit was crushed to the ground. Soon Snowkit hopped on top of both of them, and then Amberkit was released after Stormkit twisted around to bat Snowkit in the side.

The three kids collapsed on the ground, exhausted. Snowkit jumped

up immediately as two figures appeared beside them. One was a dark ginger tom, and the other a brown tom with a white chest and paws.

"Mudkit!" Snowkit squeaked. "What are you doing here?"

"We were watching you play," Mudkit — the brown tom with a white chest and paws — answered, batting a paw at Snowkit playfully. "You're very good, Snowkit."

Snowkit smiled with pleasure. "Thank you. Now let's see *your* fighting skills!"

"My fighting skills are *so* much better than Mudkit's!" the dark ginger tom — Flamekit — piped up. "Besides, we're becoming apprentices soon! Foxheart said that Burntstar is organising our apprentice ceremony!"

Stormkit's eyes stretched wide. "Really?"

Amberkit sighed. "I wish I could become an apprentice *now*!"

"Don't worry," Flamekit flicked his tail at Amberkit's shoulder. "You'll be apprentices soon enough. Who do you want your mentor to be?"

"Burntstar," Snowkit meowed immediately. "He is the best leader ever!"

Mudkit laughed. "True. But your father can't be your mentor, silly."

Snowkit frowned. "Says who?"

"Says the *warrior code*," Flamekit hissed. "Foxheart told us all about it."

Amberkit looked down at her paws. It wasn't *fair* that Mudkit and Flamekit could become apprentices before them! She wanted to be out in the forest already, not cooped up in camp all day! It just wasn't *fair*.

"Look on the bright side," Mudkit suggested. "You'll become

apprentices before Silkkit and Mousekit, right?"

"True," Stormkit agreed. "But it's not fair, is it? Why don't we go ask Burntstar if we can be apprentices now?"

"We can't do that!" Amberkit gasped. "We will become apprentices when we're six moons old. We have one moon left. Why aren't you exited by that?"

"We *are*," Snowkit muttered impatiently. "But still — don't you agree that we should we apprentices *now*?"

Amberkit didn't respond. She did think that they should be apprenticed now, but they couldn't just go and demand to be apprentices! It was rude and probably against the warrior code.

"Imagine want it's like outside of camp!" Stormkit breathed, her yellow eyes wide. "I bet it's really big, and full of prey!"

Mudkit and Flamekit purred. "I bet it is as well!"

Amberkit was about to make a comment when suddenly she noticed that Burntstar was leaping onto the Rockledge, a large, flat boulder that jutted out of the cliff side. Once Burntstar was on top of the rock, he began to yowl to the Clan.

"Cats of RainClan!" Burntstar called to the empty clearing. "Gather beneath the Rockledge for a Clan meeting!"

Cats began to slink out of their dens and into the morning sunshine. Amberkit watched in confusion as Moonfire, Foxheart and Dawnlily pushed their way out of the den, Dawnlily's two kits, Silkkit and Mousekit, bounding along behind her. Moonfire collected Amberkit, Stormkit and Snowkit and lead them over too a spot near the back of the crowd. Foxheart began vigorously licking Mudkit and Flamekit, and they grunted and struggled to get free.

"What's going on?" Amberkit asked her mother. Moonfire just placed her tail on Amberkit's muzzle. Amberkit looked around and noticed that Barkstripe, Mudkit and Flamekit's father, looked proud. He was puffing his chest out and murmuring quietly to the dark grey tom, Ashtail. Foxheart also looked proud, and after she'd

finished washing her two kits, she padded over to sit beside Barkstripe, her mate.

Burntstar looked down at Mudkit and Flamekit, who had darted forward to sit below Rockledge. Burntstar began to yowl at the gathered Clan. "You have all been gathered today for a special occasion. Mudkit and Flamekit here have reached their sixth moon."

Amberkit gasped. Were Mudkit and Flamekit becoming *apprentices*? It wasn't fair that they got to be apprentices now and she had to wait!

"Mudkit!" Burntstar called. He leapt down from Rockledge and Mudkit scrambled forward to sit in front of him. Amberkit realised that he was quivering in excitement. Burntstar continues with the apprentice ceremony. "From this day forward, until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Mudpaw."

Amberkit began to cheer her friend's new name along with the rest of the Clan, trying to squash her feeling of jealousy as she watched the newly-named Mudpaw let out a purr of happiness.

"Thistlestorm," Burntstar called. A white tom with black-and-grey tabby patches stood and padded over to Mudpaw, surprise gleaming in his eyes. "Your mentor was Wolfstrike, and I hope that you will pass on all that you learnt from her to this young apprentice."

Thistlestorm dipped his head in respect. Gently he and Mudpaw touched noses and padded away to join the crowed of cats.

"Flamekit!" Burntstar called. Flamekit bounded forward to stand in front of RainClan's leader. "From this day forward, until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Flamepaw."

Flamepaw's yellow eyes lit up in excitement as the Clan began to chant his new name. Burntstar silenced them with a flick of his tail and continued. "Ivytail."

The black she-cat looked up, pride filtering into her bright green eyes. She padded forward to sit in front of Flamepaw and look expectantly at Burntstar.

"Ivytail, you mentored Birdwing," Amberkit's father continued, "and he has turned out to be a wonderful addition to this Clan. I ask for you to pass all your knowledge into Flamepaw as you once did with Birdwing."

Ivytail nodded and gently touched noses with Flamepaw, then they padded away to sit beside Mudpaw and Thistlestorm. The Clan soon began to chant the apprentice's new names.

"Mudpaw! Flamepaw! Mudpaw! Flamepaw!"

Amberkit and her sisters joined in, Snowkit cheering the loudest. Amberkit waited calmly at the back of the crowd with her sisters beside her as the Clan gathered around to the new apprentices and their mentors. Moonfire padded away to congratulate Foxheart and Barkstripe. After what seemed like moons, the gathered cats finally disappeared into their dens.

"Hi," Mudpaw meowed, padding up to Amberkit and her sisters. Snowkit scrambled to sit upright.

"Congratulations, Mudpaw!" she squeaked, trying to act more grown-up. "Does this mean you won't be sleeping in the nursery anymore?"

"No," Flamepaw replied for his brother. "We'll be in the apprentice's den."

Amberkit suddenly realised that becoming an apprentice meant being apart from Moonfire. She would miss having her mother's warm pelt beside her all night.

"Oh," Stormkit looked at her paws. "I guess you won't be able to play with us anymore, right?"

"Right," Mudpaw confirmed. "But we'll still visit you. Plus, you're becoming apprentices in a moon."

Stormkit and Snowkit perked up. "Oh...right!"

Amberkit felt a bit happier at the reminder. She meowed a 'bye' to her sisters and RainClan's newest apprentices and hurried across the

clearing to the medicine cat's den. She hadn't visited Toadfeather in the past few days and she was worried that he was getting lonely.

"Hi, Toadfeather," Amberkit called and she pushed her way into the medicine cat's clearing. "Toadfeather?"

The clearing was empty. Amberkit checked the the store of herbs and Toadfeather's den, but there was no sign of him. Amberkit hurried back outside into the camp and scanned the clearing.

She spotted Toadfeather beside the leader's den under the Rockledge. Burntstar, Wolfstrike and Moonfire were beside him, speaking among themselves. Amberkit trotted over to them.

"We were hoping that you could — oh, hello Amberkit," Burntstar broke off has her saw Amberkit approaching. "What do you want?"

"I was looking for Toadfeather," Amberkit explained, wondered what they were talking about. "I thought he'd be lonely."

Toadfeather laughed. "Don't worry, Amberkit. I'm not lonely. I have your kin and our lovely deputy with me."

Wolfstrike flicked her tail at his ear. "We'll continue this conversation later."

Toadfeather nodded as Wolfstrike, Burntstar and Moonfire padded away. RainClan's medicine cat turned to Amberkit.

"Do you want to come help me mix herbs?" he asked.

"Okay!" Amberkit meowed enthusiastically. She followed Toadfeather into the medicine cat's den and headed into the herb store. "What herbs do you need?"

"Comfrey," Toadfeather answered. "Marigold and watermint. Here, I'll help you find them.

Amberkit nosed around the herb store until she found the herbs that Toadfeather described. They took them out of the den and put them on a small boulder to one side of the clearing.

"Can you fetch me some poppy seeds?" Toadfeather asked. Amberkit nodded and padded back into the herb store; she dabbed at the pile of poppy seeds with a forepaw and headed back to Toadfeather.

"Here you go," she put the poppy seeds down on the boulder beside the other herbs.

"Can you go give those poppy seeds to Blackpelt?" Toadfeather glanced at Amberkit before beginning to mix the herbs in front of him together. Amberkit picked up the poppy seeds with her paw and hurried out of the den. She quickly ducked through the entrance to the elder's den and almost ran into Mistyflower.

"Watch it!" the she-cat hissed. Amberkit muttered 'sorry' and dodged around her. She stopped and scanned the clearing for the dark fur of Blackpelt. She spotted him sleeping at the back of the cave.

"Blackpelt?" Amberkit called, padding over to him. The black tom raised his head and glared at Amberkit.

"You better have those poppy seeds I asked for," he growled. Amberkit nodded and placed the poppy seeds down beside him. Blackpelt licked them up and Amberkit backed out of the elder's den. She headed back to the medicine cat's den and pushed her way inside. She padded up to Toadfeather and mind suddenly decided something.

"Hey, Toadfeather?" Amberkit meowed. Toadfeather turned and looked at Amberkit.

"What is it?" the medicine cat asked. Amberkit hesitated before replying.

"I think..." she began, "I think I want to become a medicine cat."

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Hiya!

Ambercloud14 here and I am very sorry about the late update! I will try and update faster in the future.
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As per usual, let me know if you find any mistakes in the book. And also, I am having trouble coming up with things for the kits to do (basically I am having trouble coming up with plot ideas) so if you have any plot ideas please tell me in the comments!

Also, I have a question for you. I'm thinking about making an OC Adoptables book, my question is would anyone be interested in that? Let me know in the comments!

I'm not going to give you any spoilers for next chapter...because I don't actually know what's going to happen next! Also, if you would like me to host a drawing contest, let me know.

I hope you're enjoying the story so far! Sorry nothing's really happened yet, but there's not much they can do as kits. Once they're apprenticed there will be a lot more action!

Last thing — which character do you want to be the protagonist of the next chapter? Let me know in the comments!

~Chapter 3~

Flamepaw was roused awake the next day by a white-tipped paw that prodded him in the side. Flamepaw growled and lifted his head. He blinked and looking around.

He was in the apprentice's den, resting in his new nest that was still soft from all the new moss. Honeypaw was still asleep on the other side of the den, curled up in her nest with her pale ginger tail resting over her muzzle. Flamepaw moved his yellow eyes to the front of the den and blinked as a brown tom with a white chest and paws blinked back at him, his amber eyes bright. Mudpaw.

"Thistlestorm's waiting for you," Flamepaw's brother informed him. "He wants you to be ready before sunhigh."

My first training session! Flamepaw thought excitedly. *I wonder what we'll be doing.*

Flamepaw stood and shook off the random bits of moss from his dark ginger pelt. He quietly padded out of the den so he wouldn't wake Honeypaw. He follow Mudpaw to the fresh-kill pile and chose a mouse for himself, as that was the only prey he'd experienced, apart from rabbit and vole.

The two brothers headed back to the apprentice's den and lay down to eat beside a tree stump. Flamepaw bit into his mouse and instantly felt happy at the sudden burst of taste in his mouth. He'd been eating mouse for two moons, but he still got the same happy feeling whenever he bit into one.

"I can't wait to go hunting," Flamepaw meowed as he chewed his mouse. Mudpaw nodded in agreement as Honeypaw padded out of the den and over to the fresh-kill pile. Flamepaw noticed a white tom with black-and-grey tabby patches padding over to him.

"Hi, Thistlestorm," Flamepaw greeted his mentor. *I wish Burntstar had given me a more experienced mentor,* his mind whispered. *I'm Thistlestorm's first apprentice...why did Mudpaw get Ivytail, a warrior who's trained two apprentices?*

He pushed the thought away firmly. He wouldn't let anything ruin his first day as an apprentice!

"What are we doing today?" Flamepaw asked his mentor as he finished his mouse. He stood up and meowed a quick 'bye' to Mudpaw as he followed his mentor out the entrance tunnel, which most cats called the fern tunnel because of the thick ferns the surrounded it. "Battle training? Patrolling? Hunting? Battle training? Patrolling? Wait. I already said that!"

Thistlestorm purred in amusement. "Apprentices," he muttered under his breath, but Flamepaw still heard it. "No, we'll be taking a tour of RainClan territory."

Flamepaw couldn't help but feel a bit disappointed. Mudpaw was probably doing battle training with Ivytail right now! He felt a stab of jealousy for his brother; he shoved the feeling away and hurried after Thistlestorm. The patched tom was trotting through the forest part of RainClan's territory. Massive trees surrounded Flamepaw and he kept hearing rustling noises coming from the bushes.

"Green-leaf is good time for hunting," Thistlestorm explained. "In green-leaf, all the prey comes out and there's lot of sunshine."

Flamepaw felt a bit irritated. "I know all that! Do you think I'm mouse-brained?"

"No," Thistlestorm looked a bit taken aback. "No, not at all. I think you're an intelligent young cat. I'm just trying to act more like a mentor."

Flamepaw hissed. *Of course, because you've only just become a warrior. It's not fair that Mudpaw gets an experienced warrior as his mentor!*

"Whatever," Flamepaw muttered. "Where's the border?"

"Just over there," Thistlestorm pointed to a clump of holly bushes with his tail. All the forest on the other side of the holly bushes was darker, with more trees and less sunlight, plus it smelt like mouse-bile.

"What's that *scent*?" Flamepaw recoiled in disgust. Thistlestorm laughed.

"That's EmberClan scent," Thistlestorm meowed. "Come on, I'll show you their border."

He led Flamepaw along a trail that had the same reek marked along it. At last they padded away from the EmberClan border and Flamepaw was overrun by a new scent. It smelt like all three Clans together.

"That's the gathering hollow," Thistlestorm explained. Flamepaw looked down the small slope at the hollow. In the centre of the hollow was a large rock. Thistlestorm began to slowly pad away. "We have gatherings there every full moon. Come on, I have to show you the FeatherClan border."

Flamepaw followed his mentor along the gathering hollow border until the slight dip in the ground disappeared behind him. They approached a large moorland with rivers running though it. Flamepaw was about to dip a paw in one of rivers when Thistlestorm stopped him.

"That's the border," he meowed, flicking his tail at a pile of boulders. "Don't go past them, or a FeatherClan patrol will scent you."

"Okay," Flamepaw padded back to the other side of the boulders. The two cats continued along the FeatherClan border until Thistlestorm suddenly veered away and bounded through the undergrowth. Flamepaw hurried after him until both cats suddenly skidded to stop.

Thistlestorm lead Flamepaw through a gap in the bushes and they emerged in a large sand-covered hollow. Flamepaw immediately knew what this place was.

"Welcome to the sandy hollow," the patched warrior meowed. "This is where you will do your battle training."

I know, Flamepaw thought bitterly. *You can stop acting like you're so much better than me now.*

"Thistlestorm!" a voice called out. "Is that your new apprentice?"

"I have a name," Flamepaw muttered under his breath. A black she-cat padded over to Thistlestorm and Flamepaw.

"This is Flamepaw," Thistlestorm introduced his apprentice. Flamepaw narrowed his eyes in annoyance and looked about the clearing.

It was empty expect for Thistlestorm, Ivytail — the black she cat, Flamepaw and Mudpaw. Flamepaw's bother was sitting calmly on the ground, his pelt coated with dust. Flamepaw realised that he'd been battle training.

That's not fair! Flamepaw's mind hissed. *How come he gets to fight and I have to patrol the borders?*

"Eaglepaw, Honeypaw and Daisypaw are off doing their hunting assessment," Ivytail explained. "Burntstar and Wolfstrike wanted to focus on our newest apprentice's skills — that's why the clearing is so empty. Wolfstrike will be here any moment now to assess what the apprentices know."

As if on cue, the dark brown tabby she-cat stepped out of the bushes and into the clearing. Wolfstrike padded forward to stand beside Ivytail and Thistlestorm, and they began speaking in a low tone.

Flamepaw headed over to Mudpaw, who was busy practicing a slash with one forepaw. Mudpaw didn't even glance at Flamepaw as he slashed at an invisible enemy in front of him.

"Good job," Flamepaw praised and Mudpaw almost jumped out of his skin. He obviously hadn't know that Flamepaw was there. Flamepaw felt another stab of jealousy for his brother; why did Mudpaw have to be better than him at everything?

You haven't even tried the move yet, he reminded himself. *You might be better than him at it.*

"Are you okay?" Mudpaw asked his brother questioningly. "You look worried."

"I'm not worried!" Flamepaw burst out. He sat down and wrapped his tail over his paws. "Just...I'm not sure if I'll be good enough at fighting or be an apprentice. Besides, I have a mentor with no experience."

Mudpaw narrowed his eyes. "I get what you mean. But don't worry, you'll be a great fighter!"

"Mudpaw! Flamepaw!" Wolfstrike's voice called. The two brothers padded over to where the three older cats were seated.

"What will we be doing?" Mudpaw asked. Ivytail opened her mouth to explain but Wolfstrike cut in.

"We will be assessing you fighting skills," the deputy explained. "You will be fighting each other. I want you to use as many moves as you know. We will be assessing your stance, your technique, how you can use your opponent's moves to benefit yourself, what moves you know already, and what moves you need to either learn or practice."

"Okay," Flamepaw replied. The task seemed straightforward enough. "When do we start?"

"Face each other," Ivytail yelped quickly before Wolfstrike could speak. Thistlestorm rolled his eyes but didn't say anything. "And remember to keep your claws sheathed."

Slowly Flamepaw turned to face his brother. Mudpaw shuffled nervously but he faced Flamepaw with determined eyes. Wolfstrike motioned for them to start with her tail.

Flamepaw lashed his tail and crouched. He tried to remember what he'd seen the apprentices do when they were play-fighting. He remembered Eaglepaw crouching with his tail lashing, and then Honeypaw leaping on top of him a heartbeat later. Flamepaw

waiting for Mudpaw to make the first move.

After a long pause of the brothers watching each other, Mudpaw leaped. Flamepaw jumped aside at the last moment and Mudpaw crashed down on the sand beside him. Grunting, Mudpaw stood up and shook the sand out of his fur. Flamepaw used this as a distraction and leaped at his brother. Mudpaw didn't notice him coming and was pinned under Flamepaw. Flamepaw grinned, satisfied and looked over at his mentor, who was nodding in approval. Ivytail glared at Mudpaw as he struggled to get free. Wolfstrike watched them with calculating eyes.

Suddenly Mudpaw flipped over and kicked Flamepaw in the stomach with his hind paws. Flamepaw was thrown back to the other side of the clearing. He grunted and tried to stand up, but his legs were shaking from the impact. Thistlestorm didn't look impressed, but Ivytail looked proud of her apprentice. Wolfstrike narrowed her eyes and looked over at Mudpaw.

Flamepaw's brother was running towards Flamepaw at lightning speed. Flamepaw tried to dodge his attack but tripped over his own paws. Mudpaw leaped onto Flamepaw's back and pinned his to the ground. Flamepaw tried to do the same thing Mudpaw had done, but he couldn't move under Mudpaw's weight.

"Get *off* me," Flamepaw hissed. Mudpaw stepped off his back and immediately Flamepaw whirled around and whacked his brother in the side of the head with a forepaw. Mudpaw staggered sideways but he soon recovered and leaped at Flamepaw. Flamepaw dodged but Mudpaw still managed to spin around and jump onto Flamepaw's back, pinning him to the ground. Flamepaw struggled to get free.

"Alright, that's enough," Wolfstrike announced, to Flamepaw's relief. Mudpaw stepped off Flamepaw's back and turned around to face RainClan's deputy. Flamepaw staggered to his feet and sat down beside his brother. He felt like all his energy had just been drained. Wolfstrike went on. "I've seen all I need to see. You obviously don't know many moves."

Flamepaw nodded along with his brother. "We've only just started

training!"

"Ivytail, Thistlestorm," Wolfstrike turned to Flamepaw and Mudpaw's mentors. "I expect that you teach them at least two moves now. And correct the moves that they didn't get quite right."

Ivytail dipped her head. "Of course we will, Wolfstrike!"

Thistlestorm nodded and looked over at Flamepaw. He beckoned with his patched tail for Flamepaw to come over to him. Flamepaw roe to his paws and padded over to his mentor. Wolfstrike left the sandy hollow and headed back in the direction of camp. Flamepaw looked up at his mentor eagerly. Just a few heartbeats earlier, he had felt like he'd rather go sleep for a moon, but now strength seemed to flow into him as he realised that he was about to do some battle training.

Finally, his mind celebrated. Ivytail took Mudpaw to one side of the sandy hollow and Thistlestorm took Flamepaw to the other.

"Alright," Thistlestorm began. "First of all, you didn't do the slash correctly. Copy me."

Thistlestorm demonstrated a slash with his forepaw. Flamepaw took note of how Thistlestorm stretched his forepaw out as far as it would go and made his claws unsheathed and stretch out as well. Thistlestorm's slash was strong and powerful, and when Flamepaw tried the move, his was weaker and slower.

"You'll get it soon enough," Thistlestorm resumed Flamepaw, but he wasn't so sure. On the other side of the clearing, Ivytail was teaching Mudpaw how to leap onto another cat's back and stay on. Mudpaw tried it and managed to tackle his mentor to the ground.

Flamepaw felt another stab of jealousy for his brother. Why was Mudpaw so good at fighting?

"Concentrate," Thistlestorm ordered. "Why don't you try the move again?"

Flamepaw tried the move again. This time he put more force into it and earned a satisfying nod of approval from his mentor. Flamepaw

did it again, and this time he put more force into it and he stretched out his leg as far as it would go.

"There you go!" Thistlestorm meowed. "Now, do you want me to teach you another move?"

"Okay," Flamepaw agreed. Thistlestorm demonstrated what Ivytail had been teaching Mudpaw; a move where you leap onto your opponent's back and stay on. Flamepaw tried the move until he got it, and then Thistlestorm and Ivytail decided that it was time to head back to camp.

The four cats padded back to camp, Flamepaw and Mudpaw chatting about their first day as an apprentice. When they pushed their way through the fern tunnel Flamepaw noticed that Burntstar, Wolfstrike, Toadfeather, Riverfreckle and Moonfire were talking quietly among themselves beside the Rockledge. The five cats retreated into Burntstar's den.

Flamepaw followed his brother as they padded towards the fresh-kill pile. He chose a mouse for himself and went over to the apprentice's den to eat.

"How was your first day as an apprentice?" Daisypaw asked him. She was eating a sparrow on the other side of the tree stump. Honeypaw was biting into a vole beside her sister.

"It was great," Flamepaw replied just as Mudpaw lay down beside him, a crow in his jaws. Eaglepaw joined them with a mouse and the apprentices ate in silence until Burntstar suddenly leaped onto the Rockledge and called out to the Clan.

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the Rockledge for a Clan meeting!" he yowled. Cats began to slink out of their dens and crowded around the Rockledge. Moonfire hurried back to the nursery and reappeared with her three kits, Amberkit, Stormkit and Snowkit. She began vigorously licking them.

"Come on," Mudpaw stood up and followed the other apprentices to the Rockledge. They all gathered at the back of the group. Flamepaw looked behind him and saw Moonfire leading her three

kits to the front of the Clan. All three kits' eyes were shining in excitement.

"It is time for these three kits to become apprentices," Burntstar yowled. Flamepaw was confused until suddenly it hit him. He had known Moonfire and Burntstar's kits for most of his life, and he knew that they weren't ready for this.

Amberkit, Stormkit and Snowkit were only five moons old.

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Hiya!

Ambercloud14 here and sorry about the wait — I was busy. I will update faster in the future!

If anyone has suggestions on what Stormkit's warrior name could be, let me know! Whoever suggestions the name I want gets a shoutout on my message board!

As per usual, let me know if you find any mistakes! I hope you're enjoying this fanfiction! if you have any suggestions on what should happen, let me know! Also, if you have a suggestion on who you want to see as a protagonist next, let me know in the comments!

Next chapter: some more kits become apprentices! (I think that's pretty obvious though)
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~Chapter 4~

Amberkit had never felt so exited in her life. She was finally going to be an apprentice!

She glanced over at Toadfeather, who was sitting at the base of the Rockledge. She already knew that she was to become a medicine cat; it was her sisters that didn't know yet, because Amberkit had been reluctant to tell them.

"Snowkit," Burntstar leaped down from the Rockledge and Snowkit bounded over to him. "From this day forward, until you have received your warrior name, you will be known as Snowpaw."

The newly-named Snowpaw's green eyes shone bright in excitement. Burntstar continued with the ceremony.

"Riverfreckle," he called. The grey she-cat stepped forward and dipped her head at Burntstar. "Riverfreckle, you were mentored by me. I hope that you pass on all I taught you to my daughter."

Snowpaw and Riverfreckle touched noses, and then it was Stormkit's turn.

"Stormkit," Burntstar yowled, and Stormkit hurried forward. "From this day forward, until you have received your warrior name, you will be known as Stormpaw."

Stormpaw's eyes shone with determination; she nodded happily.

"Wolfstrike," Burntstar turned to his deputy; she was already beside him. "You are currently RainClan's loyal deputy. You have mentored two of our best warriors, one who is currently mentor of Flamepaw. I wish that you pass all of your knowledge to Stormkit."

Wolfstrike and Stormpaw touched noses, and Burntstar continued

with the ceremony.

"Amberkit," he called. Amberkit padded forward slowly, excitement taking over her. "From this day forward, until you have received your full name, you will be known as Amberpaw."

Amberpaw! She muttered her name a few times under her breath, then continued to listen to Burntstar.

"Toadfeather," Amberpaw's father meowed. Toadfeather padded forward to stand in front of her. "You are RainClan's medicine cat, and I am so glad that my daughter has decided to follow in your footsteps. I expect that you pass on all your knowledge of healing and our warrior ancestors to this young apprentice."

Amberpaw felt her paws tingle as she touched noses with Toadfeather. Burntstar finished the ceremony but leaped onto the Rockledge again.

"As you may already know, the Gathering is tonight," Burntstar announced. "So I must do my duty and choose a patrol to attend. As usual, I will go along with Wolfstrike, Toadfeather, Ivytail, Riverfreckle, Thistlestorm, Moonfire, Foxheart, Barkstripe, Eaglepaw, Honeypaw, Flamepaw, and of course, Stormpaw and Amberpaw. The rest of you will remain and guard the camp."

Amberpaw felt another burst of excitement when her name was called. She was going to the Gathering! Then she noticed with a pang that Snowpaw's name hadn't been called. She glanced over at her sister; Snowpaw's eyes were dark with jealousy. She padded over to Amberpaw and Stormpaw.

"Congratulations," she muttered. "Your first Gathering."

"I wish you were coming with us," Stormpaw meowed sadly. "Maybe we can ask Burntstar?"

"Nah, he probably wants me to stay behind and guard the camp," Snowpaw looked away, her tail flicking slightly.

"Mudpaw and Daisypaw are also staying," Amberpaw pointed out. "You can hang out with them, right?"

Snowpaw seemed to perk up. "Oh, right. I'm going to go find Mudpaw. Bye."

"Bye," Stormpaw called after Snowpaw as she padded away. Burntstar gathered the cats that were going to the Gathering and they all headed out of the den. The moon was full in the sky and shone moonlight down onto the forest, lighting the cat's path.

Amberpaw felt her paws tingle. Her first Gathering! She didn't even feel sad that Snowpaw wasn't coming with them. She hurried after Stormpaw when suddenly Burntstar stopped at the top of the hollow. Amberpaw looked under all the cat's legs and saw only one other Clan in the hollow. One of the cats, a grey she-cat with darker grey spots, was standing on top of the large rock in the centre of the clearing.

Burntstar lead the group of cats into the hollow, holding his tail high with pride. Amberpaw felt insecure with all the unfamiliar eyes watching her. She ducked behind Toadfeather as the Clan split apart and Burntstar leaped onto the massive rock.

"Come with me," Toadfeather meowed. "I'll introduce you to the other medicine cats."

Amberpaw followed Toadfeather over to where a cream-coloured she-cat was sitting with her tail wrapped around her paws. A smaller, brown tabby tom sat beside her. Amberpaw stopped beside Toadfeather.

"Hello, Willowsong," Toadfeather greeted the cream-coloured she cat. Willowsong dipped her head in greeting. He added to Amberpaw, "She's the FeatherClan medicine cat."

"Hello, Toadfeather," she meowed. She looked at Amberpaw with warm amber eyes. "Is this your new apprentice? The one who was always following you around?"

"I wasn't *always* following Toadfeather around!" Amberpaw protested. "But...how did you know?"

"Toadfeather told me," Willowsong purred. "It's Amberpaw isn't it?"

Amberpaw nodded and glanced at he brown tabby beside Willowsong.

"This is Forestpaw," Willowsong flicked her tail in the direction of the brown tabby. Forestpaw puffed out his chest and grinned up at his mentor. "He's my apprentice."

"Is this your first Gathering?" Amberpaw asked him. Forestpaw shook his head.

"Nope," he replied. "It's my second."

Amberpaw felt relieved. At least now she had a cat who could tell her what to do and where to sit.

"Here comes EmberClan," Toadfeather announced. More cats began to wander into the clearing, lead by a dark ginger tabby tom who stalked right up to the rock and leaped onto it. He began to chat with the other leaders. Amberpaw moved her eyes from him and to the cat who had just joined them.

"Hello, Nightfoot," Willowsong greeted the white she-cat with black paws. Nightfoot nodded in response and sat down next to Forestpaw.

"Is this your new apprentice, Toadfeather?" she asked, glancing at Amberpaw with gentle blue eyes. "I've heard a lot abut you, Amberpaw."

Amberpaw shuffled her paws uneasily. There was something about the white she-cat that she didn't like. Forestpaw didn't seem to like her either, because he quickly stood up and padded over to Amberpaw.

"Come on, I'll introduce you to my sisters," he meowed. Amberpaw followed him over to a patch of grass where three she-cats and two toms sat. One was a golden she-cat, another was a pale gold she-cat, one was a grey tom, and the last two were Stormpaw and Flamepaw.

"Hi, Stormpaw. Hi, Flamepaw," Amberpaw greeted her two friends. She flicked her tail at Forestpaw. "This is Forestpaw. He's

FeatherClan's medicine cat apprentice."

"Oh, cool," Stormpaw meowed, but she didn't look interested. She turned back to the golden she-cat. "Yeah, EmberClan seems like the worst."

"Hey!" the grey tom hissed. "I'll show you how *great* EmberClan really is!"

Stormpaw laughed. "Don't ruffle your fur. I'm only joking."

The grey tom narrowed his eyes and looked at Amberpaw. "Hi. I'm Falconpaw, from EmberClan. You are?"

"Amberpaw from RainClan," Amberpaw replied. She flicked her tail a Stormpaw. "Her sister."

"These are my sisters, Leopardpaw and Blossompaw," Forestpaw flicked his tail at first the pale gold she-cat and then the golden she-cat. Amberpaw couldn't help but think that both she-cats kind of looked like Silkkit, and Forestpaw like Mousekit.

"Welcome to the apprentice group," Leoprdpaw greeted her. "Well, we're not *all* the apprentices. Robinpaw and Shadepaw are over there."

Leopardpaw flicked her tail over to a spot near the edge of the hollow.

"And Lilypaw, Snakepaw and Marshpaw are over there somewhere," Falconpaw added. "Are there any more RainClan apprentices, or is it just you three?"

"Well, there's my other sister, Snowpaw," Amberpaw answered. "And Flamepaw's brother. There's also Eaglepaw and Honeypaw, who are here somewhere...and Honeypaw's sister, who's still at camp."

Falconpaw nodded, looking interested. "That's a lot. EmberClan has six apprentices."

"Well, *we* have *eight*," Stormpaw boasted.

"We have seven," Blossompaw piped up. "How many medicine cat apprentices are there? Three?"

"Two," Amberpaw and Forestpaw replied at the same time. Amberpaw glanced at him and laughed.

"We've got two new warriors," Falconpaw announced, looking slightly embarrassed. "Icetail and Whitefall."

Amberpaw nodded at the grey tom. She knew it was good news for the Clans to have knew warriors.

"Cats of all Clans!" Amberpaw heard an unfamiliar yowl ring out around the hollow. She was about to ask who the yowl belonged too when Forestpaw piped up.

"That's Mothstar," he explained to Amberpaw. He sat down beside her, a little too close for comfort. Amberpaw shuffled over slightly. Stormpaw sat don on her other side, and Flamepaw and Falconpaw sat behind them. Leopardpaw sat with Stormpaw and Blossompaw sat with Falconpaw.

"She's the leader of FeatherClan," Leopardpaw added from behind Forestpaw. "And she's amazing!"

"Shut *up*!" Falconpaw hissed. "Your *wonderful, great, mighty leader* is speaking, in case you haven't noticed."

Leopardpaw narrowed her eyes and looked away. Amberpaw turned back to the massive rock.

"I would like to speak first tonight, if that's alright with you?" Mothstar meowed. "Adderstar? Burntstar?"

Burntstar and the dark ginger tabby, Adderstar, exchanged glances. "I don't see why not," Burntstar replied at last. "Go ahead, Mothstar."

"Thank you," the grey she-cat with darker grey flecks meowed. She turned back to the gathered cats. "Firstly, I would like to announce three new warriors in FeathClan. Dawnpelt, Almondtail and Cedarfoot."

As the Clans began to cheer the three new warriors' names, Amberpaw looked around and caught sight of a light brown she-cat, a dark brown tabby tom with a white chest and paws and a grey tabby tom. All three cats looked proud, and they sat with their tails wrapped around their paws and their chests puffed out happily.

Eventually the sound of the Clan cats cheering the new warriors' names died down and Mothstar continued.

"Also, we bring news of dogs scented on our territory," she yowled, her tail lashing like she could see one of every cat's enemies right now. "My deputy, Cloudstorm, took a patrol of warriors to chase the dogs away, and thankfully, they were successful. The dogs headed in the direction EmberClan territory. I hope you left some cats behind to guard the camp, Adderstar."

Adderstar nodded. "One of my patrols scented dogs at the FeatherClan border and traced it back to the marshes at the edge of our territory. The dogs have gone."

Mothstar nodded. She glanced down at the cats gathered around her. "Also, as you may already be aware, Twolegs have begun to remove the land on the horizon."

"How close to our territories?" Burntstar asked, looking worried.

"Many fox-lengths away," Mothstar reassured Amberpaw's father. "We could only just see their monsters from the border. But FeatherClan is still thriving. We will not tolerate any attacks. Alright, Burntstar, you may speak now."

Burntstar stepped forward to take Mothstar's place. "RainClan is thriving. We have plenty of prey, and five new apprentices. Only Flamepaw, Stormpaw and Amberpaw are attending this Gathering."

Amberpaw felt pride surge through her as her name was called. She licked one paw and drew it over her ear in embarrassment. Once the yowling had died down, Burntstar continued with his report.

"I have nothing else left to say," Burntstar meowed to Mothstar and Adderstar. "Other than I wish you both the best when leaf-bare

arrives."

"FeatherClan wishes you the same, Burntstar," Mothstar replied. Adderstar nodded on agreement. He stepped forward, dark ginger pelt glowing like fire in the moonlight.

"EmberClan is also thriving," he announced. "We have been gifted with a new litter of three. And we bring with us tonight our newest warriors. Icetail and Whitefall."

Amberpaw scanned the clearing. She saw the knew warriors immediately. Whitefall was a pure white tom, with bright yellow eyes, puffing his chest out proudly as the Clan cats called his name. Ice tail was a black-and-white she-cat with the same yellow eyes as her brother.

"I have nothing left to repot," Adderstar meowed to the other two leaders. "I think this Gathering is over."

Burntstar and Mothstar nodded in agreement, and then all three cats leaped down from the Rockledge and gathered their Clan. Stormpaw and Flamepaw left to find Burntstar and the other three copied them. Amberpaw was about to hurry after her friends when suddenly she noticed a white pelt beside her.

"Hi," Whitefall meowed. Amberpaw looked over at him and hissed. "Um...are you okay?"

"Yep. Fine," Amberpaw muttered grumpily. She stood up and began to pad away. Whitefall leaped after her.

"Wait," he meowed. Amberpaw stopped. "Um...what's your name?"

"None of your business, creep," Amberpaw meowed rashly. She thought that if she acted mean to him, he'd leave. "Now leave me alone."

Whitefall backed away slightly. "Okay, fine. But...can you meet me here tonight? If you can break out of camp?"

"No," Amberpaw growled. She glanced at him before hurrying away where Stormpaw and Flamepaw were waiting for her. She called

after him, "We are *not* going to be friends."

"What did he want?" Flamepaw asked when Amberpaw caught up to them.

"Nothing," Amberpaw answered quickly. "Come on, Burntstar's leaving."

The three cats raced after Burntstar's patrol, though Stormpaw shot Amberpaw a quizzical look. Amberpaw darted ahead of her friends to avoid talking to them, still aware of Whitefall's piercing yellow gaze watching her.

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Hiya!

Ambercloud14 here and I have finally decided on Stormpaw's warrior name, thanks to Autumnleap for the suggestion! I'm going to keep in secret so there won't be any spoilers, but I'll tag Autumnleap when she becomes a warrior.

Anyways, guys, I hope you're enjoying this fanfiction. As some of you may already know, I've decided to turn this into a series of books (there will be 6) instead of just one whole book. The cover was inspired by the cover for Swiftblaze_'s fanfic, *Rising Sun.* I would recommend for everyone to go check it out!

Also, please check out my new Adoptables book. If you follow me then you'll already know that I've posted it. There's currently two Wings of Fire OC's (a NightWing and a RainWing) up for adoption, if you want one! I'm working on a SandWing OC that will be coming soon. I'm also going to do a 'Name that Apprentice' book where the winning warrior name wins prizes!

Anyways, as per usual, let me know if you find any mistakes & if you have any suggestions on story plots, let me know!

Here's a question: should Amberpaw meet with Whitefall at the hollow or not? You choose! Let me know in comments!
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~Chapter 5~

"How was the Gathering?"

Amberpaw jumped. She hadn't noticed Mudpaw beside her because she'd been thinking about Whitefall's question. Was she going to meet him at the hollow? It was late now; the full moon was high in the sky. She couldn't meet him anyways — the Clan would spot her sneaking out of camp.

"Amberpaw?" Mudpaw repeated. "How was the Gathering?"

"Oh, um," Amberpaw quickly shoved her thoughts about the white tom's question out of her head and turned to face Mudpaw. "The Gathering was fine! Nothing bad happened!"

Mudpaw watched her with confused amber eyes. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing!" Amberpaw was startled by the question. "Nothing's wrong. Look, Mudpaw, we should really get some sleep. Don't you have training tomorrow?"

"Well, yes," Mudpaw answered. "But friends come first. Now tell me what's bothering you."

Amberpaw could tell he wasn't going anywhere until he got an answer. That was the thing she didn't get about Mudpaw; he was more loyal to his friends and kin than to his actual Clan. In a battle, he would save one of his friends instead of his Clan leader.

She sighed. "Honestly, Mudpaw. Nothing is bothering me. I'm perfectly fine."

Amberpaw felt her mind protesting. It felt to bad to lie to one of her closest friends. She knew that Mudpaw would forgive her if he found out; he was like that. Loyal no matter what. Even if

Amberpaw tried to kill Flamepaw, he'd still forgive her. Mudpaw was just a forgiving person.

Unlike Snowpaw, Amberpaw realised. Her sister was more likely to kill anyone who tried to kill her or Stormpaw. Snowpaw would hunt them down if it took all her life. She would kill them in the most painful way possibly.

Amberpaw flinched, just thinking about her sister doing something like that.

"Anyways, so, um, bye," Amberpaw muttered to Mudpaw, before hurrying off to the medicine cat's den, where she curled up in her nest and went to sleep, leaving a stunned Mudpaw standing in the middle of the clearing.

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Almost a moon later, the camp had changed. Silkkit and Mousekit had been apprenticed to Silkpaw and Mousepaw, which meant Dawnlily had returned to the warriors' den; Eaglepaw had become Eaglefur and Stormpaw was quickly becoming the best hunter in the Clan, thanks to her speed and flexibility. Snowpaw had turned out to be a good fighter and she'd been spending a lot of time training with Mudpaw and their mentors in the sandy hollow. The pair had become best friends in the past moon. With leaf-bare drawing closer, the Clan was stocking up on supplies.

Amberpaw darted around yet another hunting patrol heading into camp consisting of Barkstripe, Eaglefur, Jayflight, and Daisypaw. The white she-cat looked more excited than usual with her warrior ceremony coming up. Amberpaw hurried into the forest and padded quietly along the worn path. The leaves in the trees around her were turning golden with the moon; crunchy golden leaves coated the forest floor. Amberpaw glanced around for any sign of herbs, but she wasn't in the forest to collect herbs.

She decided to walk along the border instead; there was less likely to be a hunting patrol for her to run into. She knew that Burntstar and Wolfstrike didn't send out patrols that this time of day. The dawn patrol was the last patrol sent out, and it came back to camp
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a few heartbeats before Amberpaw left. The sunhigh patrol wasn't due for ages.

As she headed down to the EmberClan border, she head a twig snap behind her. Glancing back, she couldn't catch sight of anyone, and when she sniffed the air their was no scent of a cat either. Narrowing her eyes, she turned and continued to the EmberClan border. She began to pad silently along it, until suddenly she head the bushes behind her rustle slightly.

It's just the wind, Amberpaw told herself, though she knew it wasn't. There was no breeze this morning, nothing but an eerie stillness. She realised with a hiss, *I'm being followed.*

Slowly, Amberpaw turned around and watched her bushes. Nothing else moved; it was like her stalker was trying to make her think there was nothing there. But she knew there was.

"Show yourself," she hissed, tail lashing. Even though she was a medicine cat, Toadfeather had told her that she needed to learn how to defend herself. He'd taken her down to the sandy hollow and they'd practiced some battle moves, with the help of Silkpaw's new mentor, Patchfoot.

Nothing in the bushes moved. Amberpaw growled and continued along the EmberClan border, hoping that whoever was behind her would get bored and leave. After she'd made it to the Gathering hollow, she stopped and looked down into it. Last time she'd been here, Whitefall had asked her to meet him there later. Of course she hadn't gone; it would have been stupid.

Suddenly she felt a creepy feeling of being watched. She quickly turned and ran away from the border, hoping that it wasn't a EmberClan or FeatherClan patrol — if they found her that close to the border, they wouldn't have been happy.

Amberpaw could tell that someone was still following her. There were signs; a twig snap here, a frantic scrambling of claws here. Her stalker obviously wasn't that good at being silent.

Wait a minute, Amberpaw suddenly realised who it was. She turned

around and faced the bushes behind her.

"Hi, Flamepaw," she meowed. "Why are you following me?"

Nothing moved. Amberpaw smiled and sat down with her tail wrapped around her paws. She knew it was Flamepaw; it had to be. He was the only cat she knew who couldn't creep around without making a huge noise.

At last a dark ginger tom padded out of the bushes. His pelt was covered in leave and stray twigs and his yellow eyes gleamed.

"How did you know it was me?" he asked.

"Because you're the only cat I know who can't stay quiet for more than two heartbeats," Amberpaw laughed. "Don't worry, that's okay. You'll learn."

Flamepaw huffed. He stalked away, tail lashing in annoyance. Amberpaw laughed again and chased after him. Eventually Flamepaw looked happy again; the pair raced each other back to camp where their eyes met a terrible sight.

The limp body of a tortoiseshell-and-white she-cat was lying in the middle of the camp. Cats were clustered around it. At first Amberpaw was confused. What was happening? Who was the limp cat in the middle of camp?

Then she realised that it was Rippledawn who was lying in the centre of the clearing. And she was dead. Amberpaw padded over to stand beside Cindercloud; the old dark grey tabby tom was grieving for his dead friend among the rest of the elders gathering around Rippledawn's dead body. Wolfstrike, Burntstar, Moonfire, Foxheart and Barkstripe were also crouched beside their old friend. Amberpaw looked closer at Rippledawn's body and gasped.

Rippledawn wasn't just dead; she had been *murdered*.

~~~~~

Hiya!
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I might stop doing these updates after a chapter — I might only do it for a few chapters.

As per usual, let me know if any mistakes found, winner for Stormpaw's warrior name is Autumnleap (though I think I already mention this twice). Have any suggestions on plot ideas? Let me know in the comments!

I hope you're enjoying the fanfic!

~Chapter 6~

"What happened?" Flamepaw gasped. Amberpaw couldn't speak. Rippledawn couldn't be *dead*.

"Barkstripe's hunting patrol found her in the forest near Shadow Caves," Stormpaw explained as she padded over to stand beside Amberpaw and Flamepaw. Silkpaw joined them. "They found her in a pool of blood. Where's Toadfeather? That stupid old grump should be here by now!"

"He's not stupid," Amberpaw hissed, standing up for her mentor. "He's wise. And he's our medicine cat, so you should show more respect."

Stormpaw huffed. "Whatever."

"Amberpaw!"

Amberpaw turned to see Tigerpelt, Silkpaw and Mousepaw's father, padding towards her.

"Where's that mentor of yours?" he asked. "Shouldn't he be here by now? Doesn't he know that Rippledawn's dead?"

"I'll go fetch him, Tigerpelt," Amberpaw hurried away to the medicine den. She looked around but didn't find any cat there. She padded back to Tigerpelt and sat down beside her sister.

"Toadfeather's not there," she reported. "Maybe he's out in the forest?"

"I hope not," Silkpaw murmured as Tigerpelt hissed and padded away to mourn Rippledawn's death along with Dawnlily and Birdwing. "He might go near Shadow Caves, and that's the last place I want to be right now."

Amberpaw nodded in agreement. "Maybe I should go find him."

"It's too dangerous," Stormpaw pointed out. "You don't know what could be lurking out there in the forest. How long ago did the patrol return?"

"A few heartbeats before Amberpaw and Flamepaw got back," Silkpaw replied. "Praise StarClan, I hope Toadfeather doesn't get killed too."

"Then we'd get stuck with an inexperienced medicine cat," Flamepaw muttered. Amberpaw was about to snap a response when she realised he was right. She'd only been an apprentice for moon. She hadn't even traveled to the Star Cave yet. She hadn't healed a cat before, and she hadn't helped a nursing queen give birth. She *was* inexperienced. She found it difficult to even manage remembering herbs. How was she supposed to help her Clan without Toadfeather?

"I'm going to ask Burntstar," Amberpaw decided. She glanced at Flamepaw. "Want to come?"

Flamepaw blinked in surpirse. "Why me?"

"Because if he says I can go look for Toadfeather then I'll have help," Amberpaw pointed out.

"I'll come too," Silkpaw offered. "Stormpaw?"

"Sure," Stormpaw agreed. "I wonder where the rest of the apprentices are."

"Training, I bet," Flamepaw meowed. "Like I was before I ran into Amberpaw."

"Before you started *stalking me*," Amberpaw corrected him.

Flamepaw narrowed his eyes playfully. "I was not *stalking* you. I was just — "

"We're waisting time!" Stormpaw hissed. "Just shut up and come *on*."

The four apprentices followed Stormpaw over to Burntstar.

"Burntstar?" Silkpaw meowed gently. "We need to talk to you."

"Toadfeather's missing," Amberpaw blurted before her father had a chance to reply. "We think he's in the forest, and we want to go find him."

"And hope he's not at Shadow Caves," Silkpaw added, sounding worried. Burntstar looked at Wolfstrike. Wolfstrike shrugged.

"I don't think it's wise to let them go," she advised. "After all, they're only apprentices."

Flamepaw's pelt prickled. "We're not *just* apprentices! We're Clan cats! We're warriors — well, most of us."

He glanced at Amberpaw guiltily. Amberpaw twitched her ears in forgiveness.

"I agree with Wolfstrike," Burntstar meowed. "You're too young to be out there on your own, especially if there's a murderer out there."

"I bet it's one of those EmberClan fox-hearts," Wolfstrike hissed, flexing her claws. "This is the kind of thing they'd do. Sneak into another Clan's territory and murder one of their elders."

Burntstar rested his tail on his deputy's shoulder. "Calm down, Wolfstrike. We don't have any proof that it was them. But, I have to admit, this does seem like something they'd do."

"*Especially* after they *murdered* Sparrowflight," Wolfstrike growled, her blue eyes burning with hatred. "Those fox-hearted, mouse-dung, fox-dung, badger-hearted, bee-brains — "

"Wolfstrike!" Burntstar yowled. "Sparrowflight's death has *nothing* to do with this!"

Wolfstrike nodded, but her eyes were still full of hatred and pain and her claws flexed as if she was imagining an EmberClan warrior trapped helpless under her claws. Amberpaw had never seen her so

mad — it was kind of *scary.* She could feel Silkpaw cowering beside her and she pressed her fluffy pelt closer to the golden she-cat. Silkpaw sent her a grateful look.

"Who's Sparrowflight?" Flamepaw asked. "Was he killed by EmberClan?"

Wolfstrike glared at Flamepaw, her normally kind, bright blue eyes still full of hatred and pain, and the dark ginger apprentice backed away and ducked his head.

"Sorry," he muttered. "Um, I'll ask someone else."

"Barkclaw will know," Wolfstrike murmured softly, all signs of anger slowly being replaced by pain and sadness. "He was Sparrowflight's brother."

"Were you his sister?" Stormpaw piped up. Wolfstrike shook her head.

"No," she meowed. "Look — this is none of your business. Now, back to Toadfeather. I'm going to the warriors' den."

Amberpaw watched as the dark grey tabby padded away, her head and tail hung low. She wondered why RainClan's fierce, loyal deputy had suddenly broken down at the mention of Sparrowflight's name.

"Anyways," Burntstar meowed, his voice steady. "I will send out a patrol to search for *all* the missing cats and bring them back here. Are the rest of the apprentices in the sandy hollow?"

"Honeypaw's patrolling," Silkpaw answered. "I'm pretty sure Daisypaw's hunting, and Snowpaw and Mousepaw are battle training along with Mudpaw."

Stormpaw nodded in agreement. "Honeypaw was bragging about it this morning. And Daisypaw was boasting about how much prey she would catch. And yeah, Snowpaw said she'd be training with Mudpaw today. I swear she's *always* training with Mudpaw."

"Yeah," Flamepaw agreed. "*She* spends more time with him than *I*

do, and I'm his *brother*."

"Same here," Amberpaw meowed. "Although, I spend most of my time in the medicine den."

"I'm probably the better cat to say that," Stormpaw laughed. Amberpaw felt a stab of sadness as she realised that her friends were all spending more time with each other than with her; it made her slightly regret her choice of becoming a medicine cat.

"You may go now," Burntstar meowed, sounding slightly amused. "I'll send out the patrols while Wolfstrike is...*recovering*."

"From what?" Silkpaw asked like the usual nosy cat she was.

"From sudden depression," Burntstar answered. "We all missed Sparrowflight after he died, but I think she took it the hardest."

"Why?" Silkpaw pushed.

"That is for Wolfstrike to tell you," Burntstar turned away and leaped onto the Rockledge. Silkpaw sighed and padded over to the back to the gathering cats as Burntstar called for the Clan's attention. Amberpaw, Stormpaw and Flamepaw joined her.

"I need to send out two patrols," Burntstar announced. "Toadfeather is missing, and there are still apprentices and warriors in the forest. I would also like to send out a patrol to search for clues as to who killed Rippledawn."

Amberpaw looked over at the dead tortoiseshell's body and felt a stab of loss. Rippledawn used to tell her stories about TigerClan, LeopardClan and LionClan.

"Wolfstrike is recovering from...sudden depression," Burntstar explained. "So I will organise the patrols. I will lead the first patrol. I will take Barkstripe, Patchfoot and Silkpaw. My patrol will go find Silverheart's border patrol, and then Jayflight's hunting patrol. Tigerpelt, you will lead the other patrol. You will take Thistlestorm and Flamepaw and you will go to the sandy hollow and tell Riverfreckle, Ashtail and Ivytail that they need to get back to camp immediately. Whitepelt, you will take Willowheart, Foxheart and

Moonfire. You will head to Shadow Caves and see if you can find any clues on Rippledawn's death. And for SpiritClan's sake, don't get killed."

"Maybe I shouldn't go," Moonfire suggested. "I have too many loved ones here."

"So do I," Foxheart meowed, resting her tail on Moonfire's shoulder. "But I'm still going. Be strong, Moonfire."

Moonfire nodded and caught Amberpaw's eye. Amberpaw noticed that her mother's amber eyes were dark with worry.

Don't worry, mother, Amberpaw thought. *You will be safe. SpiritClan won't let you die.*

The patrols began to gather into groups, and soon Burntstar ordered for them to head out and the clearing suddenly became very empty. Amberpaw wondered what would happen if they were attacked. Who would protect the Clan now? Wolfstrike was sulking in the warriors' den, and the only other cats here were Amberpaw — who wasn't trained to fight — Stormpaw, Dawnlily and Birdwing. The elders could probably manage to fight, expect for Cindercloud, who had a missing paw. And Misteye wouldn't be much use as she was half blind.

Amberpaw padded forward and joined the elders beside Rippledawn's body. She pressed her nose into the dead tortoiseshell-and-white she-cat's neck fur. Her nose pressed against something sticky and warm. Startled, Amberpaw jumped away and realised Rippledawn's neck fur was mattered with blood. She padded around to face the underside of the elder's neck and saw with horror that Rippledawn's throat had been slashed open. No wonder Barkstripe's patrol found her in a pool of blood.

What was she doing out in the forest anyway? The elders normally didn't stray outside the camp unless they had a good reason too. She remembered how Blackpelt used to leave camp for a nap because it was too 'noisy' for him.

Amberpaw looked down at Rippledawn's claws. She remembered

how Mistyflower had once said that the trick to seeing which cat had killed someone was to look between the dead cat's claws and see if there's any fur. And bingo, between Rippledawn's claws was a small tuft of white fur. She sniffed it, and the reek that came off the fur in waves determined which Clan had killed Rippledawn.

It was EmberClan.

~~~~~

Hiya!

DUN DUN DUN! Who does everyone think the murder was? Thanks to Autumnleap for...arrrrrrggggh I can't say yet because it would be a spoiler! Thanks for an idea, there we go, no spoilers there.

Anyways, as per usual, let me know if you find any mistakes (I kinda stopped proof-reading lol) and if you have any plot ideas — Autumnleap I will use your idea of her going to the moon pool thing (the Star Cave/ Starstone in this). Also...do you think they should find the murder while searching for the hunting patrols? You decide!

Anyways, I hope you're enjoying the fanfic! I got this chapter written in one night, so be proud of me (normally it takes like 3 days lol)
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~Chapter 7~

Moonfire hurried after Whitepelt and Foxheart. The pale brown she-cat Willowheart was not far behind. She caught sight of Tigerpelt's patrol, consisting of Thistlestorm and Flamepaw, race past her and in the direction of the sandy hollow. Burntstar's patrol was just catching up to them.

"Stay safe," Burntstar whispered to Moonfire as he ran past. Barkstripe, Patchfoot and Silkpaw was in hot pursuit.

Moonfire didn't get a chance to reply as Burntstar led his patrol towards the FeatherClan border. She wished for her mate to stay safe as well.

"Whitepelt!" Foxheart yowled from behind Moonfire "Stop! Look at this!"

Moonfire skidded to a stop and padded over to Foxheart. Willowheart and Whitepelt joined her, and Foxheart nosed the ground below them.

"See — there's paw prints!" she exclaimed. "Maybe if we follower them we'll find the murder."

"But Burntstar said to head to Shadow Caves," Moonfire pointed out. "We can't disobey him. Maybe there will be more clues there."

Whitepelt didn't seem to hear. He sniffed the paw prints and immediately his hackles raised. Moonfire felt her pelt prickle.

"EmberClan," the white tom hissed. Moonfire narrowed her eyes and looked around. She didn't catch any sign of an EmberClan warrior, but her eyes followed the prints into a clump of bracken.

"So they've decided to kill another one of our Clan members,"

Willowheart hissed. "Those mouse-brains."

Moonfire nodded in agreement. She remembered the brown tabby warrior Sparrowflight — he would be RainClan's deputy if not for that EmberClan warrior Kestreltail.

"We should get Wolfstrike," Foxheart suggested. "I'm sure she'll enjoy hunting down her mate's killer."

"We can't be sure that it was Kestreltail who killed Rippledawn," Moonfire pointed out. "I don't even know why Burntstar is going to all this trouble to find her murderer."

"Maybe he doesn't want EmberClan to get away with murder again," Whitepelt suggested. "Come on, we should follow the tracks, to matter what Burntstar says."

Moonfire nodded when suddenly a tortoiseshell pelt appeared in her vision. She looked up and saw her daughter Amberpaw hurrying towards her, Stormpaw not far behind.

"What are you doing here?" Moonfire hissed. Amberpaw stopped and Stormpaw crashed into her. "It's far to dangerous."

Especially for you, she added silently with a glance at Amberpaw. Her daughter had always been smaller than her sisters, and less strong. Besides, she was a medicine cat apprentice. She wasn't trained to fight.

"Don't worry, we're fine," Stormpaw meowed calmly. She shook her dusty pelt and sat down beside Amberpaw. "Plus we *think* know who killed Rippledawn."

"Who?" Whitepelt meowed with sudden interest. "We already know it was an EmberClan warrior, if that's what you mean."

"No," Amberpaw replied. She sat down with her tail curled over her paws. "We've got three suspects. We also found white fur between Rippledawn's claws, by the way. There's Foxpelt, who's a white she-cat, but she has ginger tabby patches. There's also Icetail, who is a white she-cat, but she's a black-and-white cat."

"And then there's Whitefall," Stormpaw added. "He's a pure white tom, so we think it's most likely to be him."

"Hang on," Foxheart meowed. "Don't forget Cloudfire. He's an elder, but he's only just retired. He could still kill a cat, I'm sure."

Willowheart looked unsure. "I don't think it would be old Cloudfire. Last I saw him, he was complaining about all his bones aching!"

"True," Foxheart admitted. "Okay. Good job, you too."

Amberpaw and Stormpaw looked pleased.

"Thank you for in information," Moonfire meowed. "But now you have to go back to camp."

Stormpaw's face fell. "But it's so empty there!"

"Exactly," Moonfire smiled. "That's why we need you to protect it."

Stormpaw groaned. Amberpaw shuffled nervously and looked down at the prints. Her yellow eyes followed them all the way into the clump of bracken. She stood up and gingerly padded over to the bracken and pushed her way into it

"Amberpaw!" Moonfire hurried after her daughter. Stormpaw followed, but Moonfire turned around with a hiss. "*You* go back to camp!"

Stormpaw narrowed her eyes. "Not if Amberpaw isn't!"

Moonfire sighed and continued to follower Amberpaw into the bracken. Thorns gripped her pelt and she lunged forward. Whitepelt, Willowheart, Foxheart and Stormpaw followed. Moonfire emerged out of the bracken and into more forest. She spotted Amberpaw up ahead, following the prints.

"Amberpaw!" Moonfire called. The tortoiseshell looked back and stopped.

"Hurry up," she purred with a glint of cheekiness in her yellow eyes. She pointed towards the tracks. "They're going towards the sandy

hollow."

"Oh no," Whitepelt murmured. "That's where half the Clan is!"

The white tom began to run forward, all five she-cats hard on his trail. They raced towards the sandy hollow, and as they got nearer, Moonfire heard the sounds of cats screeching and howling in pain.

"Quicker!" Foxheart pushed. Moonfire urged her muscles forward and then suddenly remembered something. She skidded to a stop and leaped in front of Amberpaw and Stormpaw. The other cats kept going.

"Amberpaw," Moonfire meowed, shooting her daughter a look that she hoped said *please listen to me*. "Go back to camp. Now. And *don't* argue with me."

Amberpaw nodded, her yellow eyes saddening. "But Toadfeather taught me some battle moves!"

"That doesn't matter," Moonfire hissed. "Go. Now. I can't have you in that battle."

Amberpaw nodded and hurried away.

"Stormpaw," Moonfire turned to the dark grey tabby. "Go with her. And *don't* argue. I won't be able to focus with you in there."

"But I could help!" Stormpaw insisted. "And Snowpaw's in there!"

Great SpiritClan, Moonfire's mind filled with worry for her first-born daughter. *Please let her be okay.*

"Fine," Moonfire agreed. She didn't think of how Amberpaw could get attacked on her way back to camp. She couldn't think about that. Snowpaw was in danger. "Come on."

Moonfire and Stormpaw hurried over to the sandy hollow. The furious screeches of battling cats was louder now. Moonfire shoved her way through the brambles that bordered the sandy hollow and scanned the clearing for any signs of Snowpaw.

At first she spotted Riverfreckle, leaping onto a grey tabby's back. Then she saw Thistlestorm and Tigerpelt, fighting off a tortoiseshell-and-white she-cat. Next she saw Ashtail as the dark grey tom was just struck in the side of the head by a brown tabby. She spotted Ivytail, furiously raking her unsheathed claws down a black-and-white she-cat's side. Mousepaw was getting batted aside by a grey apprentice. Finally, she caught sight of Snowpaw fighting back-to-back with Mudpaw. Snowpaw was biting at a cream-coloured she-cat apprentice and Mudpaw was aiming blow after blow of unsheathed claws at a light brown tabby apprentice. Moonfire noticed Flamepaw leaping onto a brown tabby apprentice's back in order to get to Mudpaw.

Then she noticed a silver she-cat making her way over to Thistlestorm. The silver tabby was creeping up behind the patched RainClan warrior and Thistlestorm hadn't yet noticed because he was too busy with the tortoiseshell-and-white she-cat. Tigerpelt, once fighting with him, had disappeared to the other side of the hollow, raking his claws down a brown tabby's side. Moonfire's head filled with rage and she leaped into the battle. Stormpaw hurried past her and collided with the black-and-white she-cat who was fighting Ivytail. The black-and-white she-cat spun around and aimed a blow at Stormpaw's face. Luckily, Stormpaw ducked and dived under the she-cat's legs and attacked her from below. The she-cat came crashing down and Stormpaw took the opportunity to leap onto her enemy's back and dig her claws into the black-and-white she-cat's shoulders. The she-cat howled in pain but easily leaped to her feet.

Moonfire shook her head. She couldn't focus on what her kits were doing. She had to focus on the battle. Spinning around, she spotted the silver she-cat about to rake her claws across Thistlestorm's flank. The patched tom still hadn't noticed her there. Moonfire lunged forward and knocked the silver she-cat over. When the silver she-cat faced Moonfire, she recognised the silver she-cat's face.

"Silversong," Moonfire hissed. "Fancy seeing you here."

"Moonfire," Silversong growled back. "Enjoy killing our Clanmates, don't you?"

"You're the one who helped murder Sparrowflight!" Moonfire wished Wolfstrike was here. The dark grey deputy would love tearing apart this cat. "I did what I had to do in order to protect my Clan. And you know that!"

Silversong hissed and leapt to her paws. She send a forepaw flying in Moonfire's direction. Moonfire ducked and batted the she-cat in the side of the head. Silversong was thrown to one side but she rushed back over to Moonfire and barrelled into her. Moonfire was blown into Thistlestorm, who let out a surprised hiss before turning back to the tortoiseshell-and-white warrior.

Moonfire jumped to her paws and leaped into the air. Silversong tried to dodge the attack, but Moonfire was ready. She twisted around mid-air and landed on Silversong's back. Immediately she dug her claws into the she-cat's shoulders and Silversong yowled in pain. She tried to shake Moonfire off but she hung on tight. Moonfire leaned forward to sink her teeth into Silversong's neck, but the silver she-cat spun around at the last moment and ended up with Moonfire's teeth in her ear. Silversong hissed and tore her ear free. Moonfire raked one of her claws down Silversong's back before the silver she-cat finally managed to throw her off. Moonfire crashed to the ground.

She rose to her paws and nipped Silversong in the leg; Silversong replied by scratching Moonfire on the cheek. Moonfire knocked Silversong over and sunk her teeth into the she-cat's neck. When Silversong yowled with pain and began to wriggle free. Moonfire let go and raked her claws down Silversong's flank instead. Silversong began to retreat and Moonfire followed her. She gave the silver she-cat's tail a few scratched before letting her enemy race into the brambles.

Turning back to the fight, Moonfire paused to catch her breath. Her body burned with the fire of the battle. She spotted Snowpaw sending a grey apprentice running for the brambles; soon Mudpaw's enemy was following. Stormpaw was busy fighting a cream-coloured she-cat, but soon she also raced away into the bushes. After a few heartbeats, Moonfire was attacked by another enemy.

It didn't take long for Moonfire to send the brown tabby running for

the brambles. He was already scratched and bleeding. Moonfire earned a chunk of fur ripped out of her tail and a blow in the shoulder. Pain ran through her and she faced her enemy with new hatred. She charged at him and leaped onto his back; he struggled to get free. She racked her claws down his already scratched flanks and send more blood dripping down his sides. She bit into his neck and at last he threw her off and hurried away into the brambles.

The rest of the battle was ending. The last EmberClan warrior, a young white tom, slashed at Riverfreckle's muzzle one last time before turning and racing into the bushes. Ashtail nipped at his legs and Foxheart ripped a chunk of fur out of his tail on his way out. Moonfire caught sight of EmberClan's deputy, Dapplepelt, the tortoiseshell-and-white she-cat that Thistlestorm had been fighting. She stepped out of the bushes, bleeding from a scratch on her muzzle and a bite on her shoulder. A patch of fur was missing from her neck, and one ear was torn and coated with blood.

"We won't forget this, RainClan!" she hissed. "This *isn't* over! That day you killed Spiderfur will never be forgiven!"

"Same for us!" Whitepelt yowled back. "You murdered a well-respected warrior! Sparrowflight's death will always be remembered!"

Dapplepelt narrowed her eyes threateningly. Tigerpelt dashed forward and slashed at her shoulder; Dapplepelt nipped at his legs before dashing away quickly, leaving a trail of blood.

"Should we follow them?" Flamepaw asked. Tigerpelt shook his head.

"No, let them go," he answered. He gathered the cats with a flick of his tail. "Come on. We've got to get back to camp so Toadfeather and Amberpaw can heal out wounds."

"What if Toadfeather's not there?" Mousepaw piped up.

"Then we've got Amberpaw!" Mudpaw meowed cheerfully, bumping his bleeding flanks with his own. Mousepaw winced in pain and Mudpaw flinched away. "Sorry, I forgot we were bleeding there."

"It's okay," Mousepaw muttered. Moonfire padded over to Stormpaw and Snowpaw.

"Are you two okay?" she asked them. Stormpaw nodded and Snowpaw copied shortly after.

"I hope Toadfeather's back," she murmured.

"Don't worry, darling," Moonfire ducked down to lick Snowpaw's black-and-white pelt. "He will be."

She hoped it was true.

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Hiya!

Wow — three chapters in a row! Be proud of me! I wrote all these in one night :)

Anyways, as per usual, let me know if there's any mistakes. If you have any plot suggestions (Autumnleap I will use yours next chapter) then let me know. If you have any characters that you want to see as protagonist, let me know as well.

By the way, if anyone's confused about Sparrowflight's death and why Wolfstrike is upset about it here's the reason — Wolfstrike was Sparrowflight's mate. They never had kits though. Hopefully I will be publishing a Warriors Super Addition featuring Wolfstrike (it will probably be called Wolfstar's Omen).

Anyways, I hope you're enjoying my fanfic! I hope I can publish another chapter tomorrow night! Maybe I'm only publishing so quick because the chapters are shorter? Please let me know if they are!
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~Chapter 8~

"Amberpaw! Amberpaw, where are you?"

Amberpaw padded out of the medicine cat's den and into the clearing. She spotted Snowpaw calling her name as a whole patrol hurried into the clearing, covered in wounds.

"Amberpaw, is Toadfeather back yet?" Moonfire rushed forward and licked Amberpaw's ears. Amberpaw shook her head.

"No, I haven't seen him since yesterday," she admitted. "But Burntstar's patrol will find him, right?"

"Yes, they will," Moonfire answered, but she didn't look so sure. Amberpaw headed back to the medicine den.

I'll need marigold to stop infection and cobwebs to stop the bleeding, she told herself calmly. *I wish Toadfeather was here...no, he'll be back. Now, marigold and cobwebs.* She went to back of the store and grabbed the marigolds and cobwebs. She carried them back to the clearing.

"Who needs to be treated immediately?" Amberpaw called into the crowd. Riverfreckle stepped forward. She had a big gnash in her flank and a deep bite in her tail. There were various other scratches that Amberpaw also had to attend to.

She set to work immediately. She spent ages patching the cat's wounds up with cobwebs and marigold. When she had just finished adding the marigold to a bite on Mousepaw's tail, Burntstar's patrol came running into camp along with Jayflight's and Silverheart's patrols.

Amberpaw quickly added the cobwebs to Mousepaw's bite so he could go greet his sister. Wolfstrike and the elders emerged from

their dens to see what was happening. The Clan began to pester Burntstar with questions.

"Is Toadfeather back?"

"Were you attacked?"

"Did you see the EmberClan patrol run though our territory?"

Burntstar flicked his tail for silence. He leaped onto the Rockledge and waited for the Clan to quiet down.

"Cat of RainClan, you are all very aware of what happened today," he yowled. "Now, I will answer all your questions. We weren't attacked by the EmberClan patrol, and yes we did see them. Now before I answer the last question, I need to notify you of what EmberClan's attack has meant."

The cats were all silent after Burntstar paused. Amberpaw scanned the clearing for Toadfeather but didn't see him. *Where* is *he?* her mind hissed impatiently.

"If EmberClan continues to kill off our clan-mates," Burntstar continued. "then we will have to bring the fight to them. From now on, I to double the patrols along the EmberClan border. Every cat must keep and eye out for EmberClan warriors. Be cautious. And from now on, kits must not leave camp under any circumstances. Apprentices must be with at least one warrior. This goes for medicine cats and elders as well."

Amberpaw couldn't help but feel disappointed. She enjoyed her walks in the forest alone. It gave her time to think without a constant voice nagging her about something.

"I assure you that this is to keep the Clan safe," Burntstar concluded. "But on a higher note, Toadfeather is back."

The Clan cheered. Amberpaw joined in with them in delight.

"My patrol found him looking for herbs near the pond," Amberpaw's father informed the Clan. "He and Amberpaw will travel to the Star Cave tonight for the half-moon meeting and Amberpaw's apprentice

ceremony."

Amberpaw felt a rush of excitement. She was finally going to the Star Cave, a mystical cave where medicine cats and leader shared tongues with their warrior ancestors. They would sleep beside the Star Rock and have dreams sent by SpiritClan. Every half-moon, every Clan's medicine cats would travel their together in peace.

Burntstar ended the meeting with a flick of his tail. He leapt down from the Rockledge and began murmuring to Wolfstrike. Amberpaw was about to head back to the medicine cats' den when a voice beside her made her jump.

"Good job."

She turned to see Mudpaw beside her. She was a bit confused until Mudpaw sighed.

"I mean, good job with the cats' wounds," he meowed, and Amberpaw nodded. "There was a lot of injured cats. You handled it very well. Personally, I would have run yowling for help."

Amberpaw laughed. "Well, it's technically my job."

Mudpaw nodded. "It's great to have Toadfeather back. I'll bet he's proud of you."

Amberpaw scanned the clearing again. "I can't see him."

"He's over there with Willowheart," Mudpaw flicked his tail in the direction of the warriors' den. "She's been complaining about stomach aches."

"Oh," Amberpaw felt dumb for not knowing about that. "Has Toadfeather got any poppy seeds?"

Mudpaw shrugged. "How would I know? Anyways, Toadfeather's probably wondering where you are. You better go find him."

Amberpaw nodded. She stood up and was about to hurry away when Mudpaw whispered one last thing in her ear.

"Be careful of Eaglefur," he muttered so no other cat would hear. "He's been acting a little suspicious recently. I think he's got something to do with Rippledawn's death."

"How?" Amberpaw retorted. "You can't go accusing cats like that! He's your half-brother — why would you *do* something like that to him?"

"Because it makes sense," Mudpaw snapped back. "Just listen. The day before Rippledawn died, I was patrolling with Tigerpelt and Birdwing. We found Eaglefur and Barkstripe hiding in a clump of bracken. Then later, while I was hunting, Eaglefur was hanging around the EmberClan border. When I asked him what he was doing, he just glared at me and told me to go away."

Amberpaw couldn't believe what she was hearing. "No. Eaglefur isn't like that."

"How would you know?" Mudpaw meowed calmly. "You've never even spoken to him."

"Maybe I have," Amberpaw replied hotly, even though she knew she hadn't. "I don't believe you...it's crazy! Why would Eaglefur help murder his own Clan?"

"His loyalty might not lie within RainClan," Mudpaw sighed. "Alright, fine. I get that you won't believe me. But Snowpaw does."

Amberpaw huffed. "Snowpaw would believe anything you say. You guys are, like, best friends. If you told her that you were half badger she'd believe you!"

Mudpaw frowned. "We both know that's not true. See you later, Amberpaw."

He padded away with his tail in the air. Amberpaw hissed and hurried over to Toadfeather. The brown tom was adding horsetail to Tigerpelt's shoulder wound. Amberpaw felt angry at herself. How had she forgotten about horsetail? Half the cats in camp needed some. *This is why we need Toadfeather*, she reminded herself. *Beside I swear the Clan will die without him. Literally.*

"Hi, Toadfeather," she greeted her mentor. Toadfeather flicked his ears to signal that he'd heard her. He added a tiny bit more of horsetail to Tigerpelt's shoulder before turning to Amberpaw.

"You did well today," Toadfeather meowed to her. "I'm proud of you, you know."

Amberpaw nodded. "I was very stressed, though. How do you heal wounds so *easily*?"

Toadfeather shrugged. "Practice. You will lean in time. For now — are you up for a trip to the Star Cave?"

"Yes!" Amberpaw burst out. "Can we leave now?"

"Not yet," Toadfeather answered. He stood up and gathered the remaining horsetail. "Go eat white I treat the rest of these cats. I know Ashtail needs some of this."

Amberpaw nodded and hurried over to the fresh-kill pile. It had just been restocked thanks to the hunting patrol that just came back to camp. She chose a mouse for herself and joined the rest of the apprentices by the tree stump.

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"Amberpaw, time to go," Toadfeather called from where he was seated with Burntstar and Wolfstrike beside Burntstar's den. Amberpaw hurried away from Silkpaw and Flamepaw and joined them.

"Good luck on your journey," Burntstar meowed as she arrived. "But to be extra-safe, Wolfstrike has arranged for a patrol to come with you as far as the Gathering Hollow."

Amberpaw nodded.

"The patrol will consist of Moonfire, Thistlestorm, Birdwing and Jayflight," Wolfstrike called the cats names and summoned them with a flick of her tail. Moonfire gave Amberpaw a lick between her ears.
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"I am very proud of you, little one," she whispered. Amberpaw ducked her head as Moonfire began to lick her ears.

"Moonfire," Burntstar cleared his throat. "Amberpaw has to go now."

"Right," Moonfire licked Burntstar's cheek before following the rest of the patrol out of camp. Amberpaw hurried after them.

She had never felt so exited in her life. She was finally going to see the Star Cave! She'd dreamt about this moment...though she never made it as far as the Star Cave because she didn't know what it looked like. And it had just been her and Toadfeather originally. After meeting the other medicine cats at the Gathering, she'd started having dreams with them traveling with her.

Amberpaw felt her paws lighten as she continued along the path towards the Gathering Hollow. No EmberClan warriors were in sight, but it felt nice to have the extra-protection. After the Gathering Hollow, they'd be on their own.

Not exactly, Amberpaw reminded herself. *We'll have the other medicine cats with us. And Forestpaw will be there!* She felt a rush of excitement at the thought of seeing the brown tabby. She'd made friends with him at the last Gathering.

"Here's the Gathering Hollow," Thistlestorm announced. "We'll be leaving you here. Have a safe trip."

Moonfire gave Amberpaw mother lick. "Be safe, please. Don't die. Listen to Toadfeather. If you come across any enemy warriors, just call out and I may hear you. But please, just stay safe and don't be stupid."

Amberpaw sighed. "Don't worry! I'll be fine!"

"I believe you," Moonfire meowed uncertainly. She licked Amberpaw's muzzle. "See you tomorrow, darling."

"Bye Moonfire," Amberpaw returned the lick. "I will stay safe, I promise."

"Moonfire?" Birdwing called out. "Are you coming or not?"

"We don't have all night," Jayflight muttered impatiently, needing his paws on the soft ground. Moonfire sent Amberpaw one last proud look, then padded after the rest of the patrol. Amberpaw turned to Toadfeather and followed him to the edge of the Gathering Hollow.

EmberClan's medicine cat, Nightfoot, was already down there, waiting with her tail curled over her black paws. Toadfeather padded into the hollow and Nightfoot stood up hurriedly.

"Toadfeather," she greeted Amberpaw's mentor by nodding at him. She glanced at Amberpaw. "Good to see you, Amberpaw. Enjoying your training?"

Amberpaw nodded. "It's great!"

"I see Willowsong and Forestpaw aren't here yet," Toadfeather observed. "How long have you been waiting?"

"Not that long," Nightfoot answered. "Just since sunset."

Amberpaw looked up at the sky. The moon was just resting about a line of gold and pink; the sky had turned a dark blue and the stars of Silverpelt — where SpirtClan hunted — were just visible. She looked back at Nightfoot when she heard rustling coming from the bushes that surrounded the hollow.

The cream-coloured pelt of Willowsong emerged, followed by a smaller brown tabby tom. Forestpaw's green eyes locked with Amberpaw's yellow ones for a moment, before he let out a burst of joy.

"Amberpaw!" he yowled. "It's been so long since I've last seen you!"

Amberpaw laughed. "It's only been half a moon. But it's good to see you too, Forestpaw!"

"Greetings," Willowsong meowed to Toadfeather and Nightfoot. "Am I late?"

"Not at all," Toadfeather murmured. He rose to his paws. "Shall we go?"

The five cats headed out of the Gathering Hollow and into FeatherClan's territory. Because they were on a trip to visit the Star Cave, they were entitled to safe travel through FeatherClan's territory. The same went for a leader going to receive their nine lives and the name 'star'.

"Is this your first time visiting the Star Cave?" Amberpaw asked Forestpaw. She secretly hoped that it wasn't; then he could help her figure out what to do.

"Nope," Forestpaw replied to Amberpaw's relief. "It's my second. You should see the Star Rock! It's amazing — it's like a giant, clear, dazzling rock that sparkles in the moonlight!"

"How does the moonlight get into the cave?" Amberpaw padded around a rabbit hole and looked expectantly at Forestpaw. "I mean, isn't there only rock above it?"

"The roof of the cave is open to the sky," Forestpaw explained. "The walls are stone, and it's deep underground, but it's still open to the sky. I think it was a fox hole once, and our warrior ancestors just made it bigger to let in the moonlight."

"Forestpaw's right," Willowsong piped up from in front of Amberpaw. "Though the Star Cave did use to have a small hole above the Star Rock. The cats figured out that the moonlight would give our ancestors the ability for us to have dreams sent through the Star Rock."

Amberpaw watched, wide-eyed, as Willowsong explained how the cats had dug through the rock and dirt to widen the hole in the roof until it was as big as the cave. She hardly noticed when they left FeatherClan's moorland territory and entered unknown terrain beyond the three Clans.

"Where's the Star Cave?" she asked quietly. Toadfeather flicked his tail to the slope in front of him. The cats scrambled up the slope of rocks and Amberpaw almost slipped twice. She managed to leap onto the top of the slope with Toadfeather's help.

Nightfoot lead the cats over to a dark hole in the ground. Beyond it,

Amberpaw caught sight of a wide gap in the land.

"Now, once we go inside the cave, we must not speak," Toadfeather meowed to Amberpaw. "Do not tell anyone of the dream you had. You may only tell me, but only if it is important. It must be kept secret. Do you understand?"

Amberpaw nodded, hardly able to speak because of her excitement.

"Once you are beside the Star Rock," Toadfeather went on, "you must wait for the moonlight to shine down on it. Then you may lie down and touch your nose to the rock. Then you close your eyes and wait for SpiritClan to send you a dream. I will present you as my new apprentice before SpiritClan before we enter the cave. Do you understand what you have to do?"

Amberpaw nodded again. She managed to blurt out, "I can't speak, I can't tell anyone but you of my dream, and you will present me as your apprentice."

Toadfeather nodded. He turned to the cave and yowled in a clear voice, "Cats of SpiritClan, I present to you my new apprentice, Amberpaw. She is eager to lean the ways of healing and claim her rank as medicine cat of RainClan."

Nothing happened. Amberpaw began to wonder if SpiritClan hadn't accepted her, but then Toadfeather turned towards her and began to speak again.

"If they accept you, they will say in your dream," he explained. "Now we will enter the Star Cave."

He lead the patrol of medicine cats into the dark hole. Darkness unfurled around Amberpaw as she stepped into the cave. The stone was icy cold beneath her paws and made her flinch. How did the others manage to walk on the stone every half moon and rock be bothered? In front of her, Amberpaw could just make out Willowsong's cream-coloured pelt.

The cats emerged from the tunnel into a small cave. In the middle was a large grey rock. Amberpaw stared up at it in amazement. She

hadn't expected it to be that *big.* She sat down like the other cats were doing and waited for the moonlight.

After what felt like moons, Amberpaw noticed that the Star Rock had begun to sparkle slightly. Then suddenly it lit up with such a bright light that Amberpaw had to squint to see it properly. Forestpaw had been right; the rock was clear and glowing like a crystal-clear pool. Copying the other cats, Amberpaw gently lay down and touched her nose to the rock. She instantly flinched back. The rock was ice-cold, even colder than the hard stone floor. Amberpaw managed to ignore the burning in her nose and rest her head on her paws. She closed her eyes and willed for SpiritClan to send her a dream.

"Amberpaw."

Amberpaw blinked and opened her eyes. She expected to be in the cave still, staring at the blinding light from the Star Rock in front of her. Instead she was in a moorland that seemed to glow with warm green-leaf sunlight. In front of her was a grey she-cat with soft green eyes. The she-cat was watching her kindly. Two more cats, one a black tom and the other a brown tabby tom, stepped out of the bushes. A blue-grey she-cat joined them. Their pelts seemed to sparkle with stars.

"Who are you?" Amberpaw asked. She stepped backward, worrying if she'd sounded rude. The grey she-cat just purred.

"I am Owlbreeze," she answered. Her starry pelt shone as she padded forward to touch noses with Amberpaw. "Welcome to SpiritClan's hunting grounds."

"I'm in SpiritClan?" Amberpaw gasped in amazement. "Where are the other cats?"

Owlbreeze rested her tail on Amberpaw's muzzle. "You are not to ask that. What matters now is why were sent you here."

"Have you accepted me?" Amberpaw asked hopefully. "Please accept me! I've always wanted to be a medicine cat."

"For what reasons?" the black tom spoke. "I was also a medicine cat, Amberpaw. And I know that you must have a reason for you to be accepted. So tell me...why do you want to become RainClan's next medicine cat?"

Amberpaw hesitated. Why did she want to be a medicine cat? It had always been her dream...she'd spent most of her time as a kit in the medicine den, helping Toadfeather sort herbs and helping mix poultices for him. The question sent panic racing through her. *I don't know how to answer! What if I fail and they don't let me be a medicine cat?*

She tried to answer truthfully. "Um...I want to be a medicine cat because I want to help my Clan by healing their wounds and giving them signs from SpiritClan. I want to, um, look after them and help them on their journey. Also, I've always just liked the way it feels normal to treat cats' wounds and help them."

The black tom seemed satisfied. "My name is Darkleaf. I was the medicine cat before Toadfeather. And you passed. I believe you will make a wonderful medicine cat some day, Amberpaw."

The blue-grey she-cat padded up to Amberpaw. She touched her nose to Amberpaw's head. "I am Rainstar. RainClan's first leader. And I wish you luck on your journey to becoming a medicine cat."

Darkleaf took her place. He touched his nose to Amberpaw's head as well. "You have a great mentor. I also wish you luck."

Owlbreeze stepped forward. She copied what Rainstar and Darkleaf had done. "Good luck, Amberpaw. You will need it."

Amberpaw could swear Owlbreeze meant more than just becoming RainClan's new medicine cat. But what else could she possibly be talking about?

"I wish you luck also," the brown tabby touched his nose to Amberpaw's head. "I am Sparrowflight. And please tell Wolfstrike that I am watching over her. Tell her that it is time for her to stop mourning my death. Somedays I feel as if her sadness over my death will get in the way of protecting her Clan-mates."

"I will tell her," Amberpaw promised. Sparrowflight nodded but he didn't step back.

"I have a warning for you," he meowed. "Beware the path of my blood. And by my blood, I mean Barkstripe. The path of our blood leads to terrible things."

Mudpaw. Flamepaw. Eaglefur. Barkstripe. The names flashed through Amberpaw's mind. Maybe Mudpaw had been right...was Eaglefur really involved in Rippledawn's death? *No, he can't be. He was in camp the whole time. Wasn't he?* Amberpaw shook her head to clear her thoughts as all the cats stood back. They wished her luck on her journey again, and then disappeared into the bushes. Amberpaw was left alone for a few moments before she woke up gasping at the cold.

She sat up and glanced around. All the other cats were waking. They nodded at each other and headed out of the cave. Amberpaw hurried after them. She didn't know if she should tell Toadfeather about Sparrowflight's warning. It concerned the whole Clan...and he'd told her to tell him of it was serious.

"Did they accept you?" Toadfeather meowed to Amberpaw. Amberpaw looked at him uncertainly until Toadfeather laughed. "Amberpaw, you can tell is that. Just not the details."

"In that case, yes," Amberpaw meowed. Stretching her legs. The moon was begging to sink below the distant trees. How long had they been dreaming for? A whole night?

"Let's go home," Nightfoot suggested. The five cats clawed their way down the rocks and padded back along the path they had come from. Not long after, they had reached FeatherClan's territory. Amberpaw meowed a 'bye' to Forestpaw as he and Willowsong hurried back to their camp. Nightfoot lead the remaining cats back to the Gathering Hollow. She left for EmberClan territory immediately.

"Did you receive any warnings from SpiritClan?" Toadfeather asked once they were padding back through RainClan territory. It felt good to be back in the familiar forest again. Amberpaw hesitated

before answered the question. Should she tell him?"

"No," she lied. Somehow she felt like Sparrowflight's warning was to be kept to herself. "But Sparrowflight wants to be pass on a message to Wolfstrike."

Toadfeather nodded. Once they reached the camp, Amberpaw shoved her way inside after her mentor. They were greeted by the Clan.

"You're back!" Moonfire hurried over to Amberpaw and licked her ears. "Are you hurt? Scared? Did you get attacked?"

"I'm fine," Amberpaw muttered. "But I need to speak with Wolfstrike. Where is she?"

"She's right over there," Moonfire flicked her tail in the direction of the leader's den. "Burntstar's there too if you need him."

"Thanks," Amberpaw padded over to where Wolfstrike was sitting. "Wolfstrike? May I have a word with you?"

The dark grey tabby glanced up, her blue eyes full of surprise. "Sure."

They padded away to the warriors' den where there was less cats.

"What is it?" Wolfstrike asked. She sat down with her tail rested over her paws. "A message from SpiritClan?"

"Sparrowflight spoke to me," Amberpaw meowed and Wolfstrike's eyes filled with hope and sadness. "He said that he's watching over you, and...he wants you to stop mourning his death. He fears that you sense of loss will get in the way of protecting your Clan-mates."

Wolfstrike bowed her head, sadness taking over her eyes. "That sounds like something he wound say."

She shook her head and straightened her shoulders. She looked at Amberpaw with strength and determination now present in her eyes.

"Alright," she meowed firmly. "If that's what he wants, I'll do it. Thank you, Amberpaw."

Amberpaw dipped her head and padded away. As she glanced over at Mudpaw and Flamepaw, she couldn't help but wonder if they were who Sparrowflight was talking about.

But Mudpaw and Flamepaw wouldn't be evil...would they?

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Hiya!

Ambercloud14 here and I am sorry about the wait! I had Easter and...yeah. I got busy. I wrote half of this chapter yesterday and the rest today! As per usual, let me know if any mistakes, and if you have any plot suggestions please let me know. Thanks to Autumnleap for suggesting that Amberpaw goes to the Star Cave (which is like the Moonstone/Moonpool basically).

ALSO...I am going to begin writing a Warriors Super Addition for this series! I might publish it as the 'special book' for when I get 10 followers. Does anyone have any other ideas? (Let me know in the comments or PM me).

Also, Autumnleap, I got your PM about the cover contest...yay! I got 2nd place! Sorry, but I got your message on my phone and I wouldn't show up on my iPad (rrrrrghhh stupid wattpad). I tried to PM you back but I don't think it worked because it took me to the website for some reason...plus I don't have the best wifi in the world. It takes forever to load. But anyways, I would like the comments and votes to go to either this book or my art book, I don't mind!

Anyways guys, I hope you're enjoying my fanfiction! Also, please go check out my Adoptables book because there's 4 OC's there and nobody has adopted any (I think).
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~Chapter 9~

Amberpaw studied the herbs in front of her. One of the herbs had green leaves and small purple flowers. Amberpaw prodded it with her forepaw. She sniffed it and glanced up at Toadfeather.

"Um...is it yarrow?" she asked. Toadfeather sighed and shook his head.

"No, it's comfrey," he corrected. "What about this one?"

He pushed another plant forward. It was a darker green than the comfrey, with smaller, thin leaves and white flowers. Amberpaw knew this one immediately.

"*This* is yarrow," she answered and Toadfeather nodded. He pushed forward another herb. It had no flowers, and it was long with thin, spiky leaves.

"Horsetail?" she remembered Toadfeather putting it onto the wounded cats not long ago. Toadfeather nodded again. He placed yet another herb below Amberpaw's paws. This herb had thin leaves and bright orange flowers.

"Marigold?" Amberpaw guessed. Toadfeather nodded again.

"I think that's enough," he meowed. "Why don't go to collect some herbs? I could use some more dock leaves."

"What are they again?" Amberpaw asked. Did it make her a bad apprentice if she couldn't remember what any herbs looked like? *No, because SpiritClan has accepted me,* she reminded herself.

"Dock has thin leaves and is usually tall," Toadfeather explained. "It's got either pale yellow or green-ish flowers."

"Okay," Amberpaw stood up and padded out of the den. "Anything

else you need?"

"It would be good to have some more comfrey," her mentor suggested. "And some horsetail would be good — there's a patch by the pond. Get some alder bark as well. Misteye's been complaining of a toothache."

"Okay, Toadfeather," Amberpaw hurried out of the den. She looked around the clearing and spotted Silkpaw beside the apprentices' den. She padded over to her.

"Hey," Silkpaw meowed as Amberpaw came closer. "What do you want, Amberpaw?"

"Do you want to come collect herbs with me?" Amberpaw asked. "I know it sounds boring compared to your warrior training, but I would like the help."

"Sure," Silkpaw rose to her paws. "I wouldn't mind the walk, either."

The two cats headed towards the gorse tunnel before Silverheart stopped them.

"Where are you apprentices of to?" she asked sternly. "You know that a warrior has to accompany you, don't you? Burntstar's orders."

Amberpaw almost bit herself. Why hadn't she remembered that?

"Oh, right," Silkpaw muttered uneasily. "Sorry, forgot."

"Toadfeather didn't mention it," Amberpaw meowed, hoping the silver tabby she-cat wouldn't get *that* mad at them. Instead, Silverheart gazed at them with stern blue eyes until she sighed.

"You can't go blaming it on you mentor, Amberpaw," she answered. "I thought you would know better. Silkpaw, do you know where you mentor is?"

"Patchfoot's on patrol," Silkpaw ducked her head and scanned the clearing, "at the FeatherClan border. That's why I'm in camp."

"Then go find Ashtail," Silverheart answered. "Hang on, wait here —

Wolfstrike!"

The silver tabby she-cat bounded across the clearing to where Wolfstrike was speaking with Jayflight and Ivytail. Silverheart murmured a few words to the deputy before the pair padded back to where Amberpaw and Silkpaw were waiting.

"Here's the other option — you lead a patrol," Wolfstrike was meowing as she and Silverheart came closer to the two apprentices. "Take the apprentices with you, as well as Ashtail and Birdwing. Bring back as much prey as you can. Leaf-bare will begin soon."

Silverheart nodded. She turned to the two apprentices. "Hunting patrol. Amberpaw, you can either collect herbs on the way or go with Jayflight and collect herbs. Which one?"

Amberpaw thought for a moment. She decided that she'd rather be with a friend than with the grey tabby tom. "I'll go with the hunting patrol."

Wolfstrike nodded and padded back to Jayflight and Ivytail. Silverheart disappeared into the warriors' den.

"I hate the new rules," Silkpaw growled. "I can't go into the forest anymore with the other apprentices without a warrior tagging along, stopping us from having any fun. It's always 'let's do some hunting!' or 'how about we practice some battle moves?' or 'what can you smell at the moment?'. I mean, seriously, it's like having any fun is banned."

Amberpaw nodded. "I wonder if warriors even *have* fun," she whispered. "Oh — here comes Silverheart, Ashtail and Birdwing."

"Bet they've been planning how to spoil our fun," Silkpaw muttered under her breath, and Amberpaw laughed, flicking her tail in agreement. Silverheart returned with the rest of the patrol and the five cats headed out of the gorse tunnel.

"We're more likely to scare off the prey than catch it," Birdwing pointed out as they headed out of camp. "With a patrol this big, the prey will hide when it hears us coming!"

"You're right, Birdwing," Silverheart replied. "But we have to travel in larger groups now that EmberClan has proposed the threat of attack. Burntstar is right to worry about it."

Birdwing nodded. "But how much prey are we actually going to catch? Burntstar has to put the Clan's needs first, doesn't he?"

"He's doing that by sending out larger patrols!" Ashtail piped up. "Besides, who are you to criticise our leader's choices, Birdwing?"

Birdwing shot Ashtail a glare but fell silent. Amberpaw couldn't help but think that there was a lot of tension in the air whenever the RainClan cats were together. It was eery, waiting to see what EmberClan would do next.

"We'll ask Adderstar about his sudden attack at the Gathering tomorrow," Silverheart's meow broke the silence. "For now we just have to cope. Burntstar would have reasons for his actions."

Birdwing and Ashtail nodded. The five cats continued along the path that lead towards the pond.

"Now, Amberpaw," Ashtail turned towards the tortoiseshell apprentice. "Where are these herbs that Toadfeather wants you to find?"

"He wants some comfrey, alder bark..." Amberpaw struggled to remember. "And horsetail, I think. It grows near the pond."

"Good," Birdwing cut in. "There's good hunting near the pond. Dawnlily caught a huge rabbit there when she was an apprentice — you should have seen the size of it! It was huge!"

"I know," Silverheart mused. "I was her mentor. She was very proud of himself."

"Wow," Silkpaw breathed. "My mother really caught a huge rabbit? How did she do it?"

The four cats continued chatting as they came nearer the pond. Amberpaw broke away from the group to search for horsetail among the reeds while the rest of the patrol split up. Silverheart

and Ashtail went to hunt in the banks of the pond and for fish, while Birdwing and Silkpaw headed into the undergrowth around the pond to hunt for mice and squirrels.

Amberpaw nosed through the reeds and finally found a clump of horsetail. She bit the stem of, careful not to rip out the roots, and collected a stack of the herb. She carried it back over to where Silverheart and Ashtail were hunting beside the banks. She dropped the herbs beside a bramble bush and watched the warriors hunt. In a few heartbeats, Silverheart and Ashtail had collected a small pile of fish a a couple of water voles. Birdwing and Silkpaw returned with a squirrel and a couple of mice.

"I think this is enough prey," Ashtail declared. "Why don't we head back to camp?"

"Amberpaw still needs her herbs," Silverheart pointed out. She turned to Amberpaw. "What was you needed again?"

"I've got the horsetail," Amberpaw replied, flicking her tail towards the pile of horsetail that lay beside her. "There's no comfrey here, but there's some near Twoleg-place. And alder bark — there's some alder trees near Shadow Caves."

"Shadow Caves?" Silkpaw meowed in a worried voice. "That was where Rippledawn died."

"We'll be careful," Birdwing piped up. "Of course, I think we can handle an EmberClan patrol."

"But how are we going to carry all this prey back to camper if we're still hunting?" Silkpaw asked, looking over at Silverheart. The tabby she-cat thought for a moment before speaking.

"Birdwing and Silkpaw, take the prey back," she ordered. "Bury the prey you can't carry. You might have to take two trips. Ashtail, Amberpaw and I will go to Twoleg-place and Shadow Caves for the herbs."

Amberpaw watched as Birdwing and Silkpaw buried the fish and water voles. Then the pair of cats picked their catch in their jaws

and hurried back to camp. Silverheart began to pad away in the direction of Twoleg-place with Ashtail at her heels. Amberpaw quickly picked up the horsetail and hurried after them. The three cats raced through the undergrowth until Silverheart suddenly stopped and crouched low. Ashtail and Amberpaw copied her, breathing heavily.

"What is it?" Ashtail hissed. Amberpaw sniffed the air and smelt the unfamiliar smell of Twolegs.

"We're very close to Twoleg-place now," Silverheart pointed out. Ashtail frowned.

"So?" he murmured. "We're safe as long as there's no Twolegs about. I don't smell any fresh scents."

Amberpaw put down the horsetail and tasted the air. Ashtail was right — all the Twoleg scents were stale, maybe half a day old. Most of the Twolegs were inside their nests, hiding from the burning heat of sunhigh. She tasted the air again and suddenly realised that she didn't just smell Twolegs.

A pair of plump cats were leaping down from one of the Twoleg fences and into the forest. One was a small dark blue-grey she-cat with a white chest and paws and the other was a fluffy dark blue-grey tom. Both were plump and walked in a lazy, careless way. They didn't seem aware of the Clan cats hiding in the bushes.

Ashtail hissed as if he'd noticed the kittypets as well. Silverheart shot him a warning look as if to say, *be quiet.* Ashtail nodded. Amberpaw scanned the undergrowth and tasted the air again. She quickly located a clump of comfrey hidden beside the Twoleg fence, where the kittypets where.

"Kittypets in *our* territory!" Ashtail growled. "I'll teach them not to stray out of their Twoleg nests!"

Silverheart rested her tail on Ashtail's shoulder. "We will attack. But not yet. I want to see if they'll leave or not."

"Fine," Ashtail grumbled. Amberpaw realised that the kittypets were

speaking and strained to hear what they were saying.

"We shouldn't be here, Buddy," meowed the dark blue-grey she-cat with a white chest and paws. "There's wildcats in this forest. Didn't you listen to Henry's story? They eat house-cat's bones!"

"That silly old tom doesn't know anything about the forest!" the dark grey-blue tom answered. "Come on, Lucinda, don't tell me you actually *believe* Henry's wildcat fibs?"

The grey-blue she-cat with a white chest and paws shuffled her paws nervously. "Well...don't you? Buddy, why can't we just go back to our housefolk? I don't want to get eaten by wildcats!"

"Don't worry, Lucinda!" Buddy gazed around the forest but didn't catch sight of Amberpaw hidden in the bushes. "We're fine! There's no wildcats here. Only stupid squirrels and birds. Come on, let's see if we can hunt some mice."

Amberpaw felt Ashtail and Silverheart stiffen beside her. Ashtail let out a growl that rumbled deep in his throat.

"How *dare* they hunt in our territory?" he hissed, flexing his claws. "Why don't go scare them out of their fur?"

Silverheart nodded. "I think that is best. Amberpaw, stay here."

With a flick of her tail, Silverheart bounded forward out of the bushes with Ashtail at her heels. The two RainClan warriors leaped onto the kittypets, earning an alarmed yowl from the two grey-blue cats. Amberpaw watched as Silverheart batted the tom, Buddy, in the side of the head. Ashtail raked his claws down the she-cat, Lucinda's, side.

"Do you believe Henry *now*?" Lucinda yowled to Buddy. The grey-blue tom backed away from Silverheart's unsheathed claws with a yelp of surpirse.

"Possibly!" he called back. "Come, on, let's get out of here!"

The two kittypets began to quickly race away from the forest. Ashtail nipped at Buddy's tail before he leaped the fence.

"And stay out!" Ashtail called as Lucinda followed the dark grey-blue tom. "Don't you *dare* ever hunt in RainClan territory!"

The pair of kittypets glanced behind them with wide, terrified pale green eyes before jumping down ungracefully into their Twoleg nest. The hurried away, tails tucked low, their ears flat against their heads.

Ashtail yowled in triumph. Silverheart remained silent, but flicked her tail for Amberpaw to come out. Amberpaw silently hurried out of the bushes and over to the comfrey patch. She picked a small pile and went back to the horsetail she had left in the bushes. Amberpaw picked up both herb piles and padded over to Silverheart and Ashtail.

"We should get out of here before a Twoleg shows up," Ashtail was muttering. "I remember the one that threw a shiny, round thing at Foxheart after she attacked a kittypet that was chasing squirrels in our territory."

Silverheart nodded. She flicked her tail and began to pad away. "Come on, let's head back to camp. We'll take the rout past Shadow Caves so Amberpaw can get some alder bark."

The three cats hurried away from Twoleg-place and in the direction of Shadow Caves. Amberpaw was panting heavily by the time they reached Shadow Caves.

"Alright, there's some alder trees," Silverheart hissed, flicking her tail in the direction of a couple of massive trees. "Get some bark and be quick."

Amberpaw darted over to the alder trees and used her teeth to rip some bark off the tree. Once she'd collected four or five pieces, she picked them up along with the rest of the pile and headed back to Silverheart and Ashtail as quick as she could. Her jaws ached from being crammed with too many herbs.

"Let me help you," Ashtail murmured. Amberpaw put down the herbs and Ashtail picked up the alder bark. Amberpaw picked the horsetail and comfrey back up and the three cats hurried back to

camp.

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"Took you long enough."

Amberpaw ignored Barkstripe's remark and continued over to the medicine den. Ashtail hurried after her. The two cats pushed their way inside and found Toadfeather sitting beside the herb store.

"Toadfeather!" Amberpaw called as she dropped the herbs beside him. "We got your herbs!"

Toadfeather nosed the herbs and observed the alder bark. "Good job. What took you so long?"

"We ran into some kittypets," Ashtail explained. "They were hunting on our territory. I expect that Silverheart is reporting it to Wolfstrike now."

Toadfeather nodded. "Alright, thank you, Amberpaw. You can go eat now. It's almost moonrise."

Amberpaw dipped her head and padded out of the den. A few heartbeats later, Ashtail followed. He strode off towards the fresh-kill pile and chose a mouse for himself before heading over to where Birdwing and Thistlestorm were already eating. Amberpaw selected a sparrow and padded over to where the rest of the apprentices where eating beside the tree stump.

The camp was no longer busy. Whitepelt was sharing a plump vole with Foxheart beside the warriors' den. Moonfire was just returning from a border patrol with Ivytail, Riverfreckle and Eaglefur at her heels. Amberpaw watched as Moonfire grabbed a pair of fish from the fresh-kill pile and wander over to where Burntstar was washing himself below the Rockledge. Moonfire lay down beside her mate and they began to share the two fish.

Willowheart was licking her belly in the sunshine. Amberpaw couldn't help but realise how swollen her belly looked; perhaps the pale brown she-cat was expecting kits. Patchfoot sat beside Willowheart, murmuring to the she-cat so quickly that Amberpaw
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couldn't hear what he was saying. At the elders' den, Mistyflower was sharing a large blackbird with Blackpelt and Misteye. Cindercloud was fast asleep on his spot in a patch of warm sunlight. Amberpaw's gaze raked over the empty, silent nursery and she felt a pant of worry. What would become of the Clan if there was no kits?

Her yellow eyes went back to Willowheart. She hoped that she had been right about her suspicions in the pale brown she-cat's swollen belly, or else the Clan might not have enough warriors to defend itself some day.

"Have you noticed Willowheart's belly?" Stormpaw muttered to Amberpaw. "No wonder she was complaining of a belly ache this morning!"

Amberpaw blinked in surpirse. "Has she had any poppy seeds?"

"I dunno," Stormpaw shrugged. She finished her rabbit and began washing herself. "I'm no medicine cat, Amberpaw."

"I know that!" Amberpaw huffed. Her sister ignored her and continued lapping at her dark tabby pelt. Amberpaw decided that their conversation was over and continued looking around camp. She spotted Barkstripe and Eaglefur slipping away from the warriors' den and sheltering behind the nursery, out of earshot of most of the camp. Amberpaw strained her ears to hear what they were saying.

"What are we doing here?" Eaglefur was demanding. "You know I can't just keep waltzing back into EmberClan's camp every now and then! A patrol will catch me!"

"So go when there is no patrols," Barkstripe snapped. "We need more warriors to help us! The patrol they sent last time was pitiful!"

Amberpaw felt a spark of interest. What were the two toms talking about?

"We're not achieving anything," Eaglefur hissed. "One dead elder? How's *that* going to help us in any way?"

Barkstripe flicked his tail impatiently. "Go back there tonight. If you don't, I will. If a patrol spots you, just say you're out for a moonlit stroll."

Eaglefur snorted. "Who's going to believe *that*?" he spat in disgust. "I always knew you weren't *that* wise, Barkstripe, but I never knew you were this much of a fool!"

"How *dare* you disrespect me?" Barkstripe growled, baring his teeth and lashing his tail in anger. "You wouldn't have *even* thought of this if not for me! Ungrateful fox-brain! I would strip you of your skin if not for the fact that we were still in camp!"

"Whatever," Eaglefur hissed, lashing his tail. "I'll go sort something out myself then. But believe me, someone *will* die tonight."

"It better be someone useful," Barkstripe warned. "Or else you'll wish that you had never been born."

"I'll remember that," Eaglefur replied cheerfully. "How does killing off Toadfeather sound to you?"

Amberpaw's ears pricked in alarm. She prepared to go wane Toadfeather when she heard Barkstripe's reply.

"You idiot!" the brown tabby batted his son in the side of the head. "That's no use to us either! In case you haven't noticed, we have *two* medicine cats! What good would killing off one be to us? Kill Wolfstrike! Kill *someone useful*! Like a warrior, bird-brain!"

Eaglefur hissed. "Someday *you'll* be the one getting ordered around by me."

"Don't count on it," Barkstripe growled. "I will *always* be in control."

With those words, Barkstripe flicked his tail and padded away from the nursery. Eaglefur spat in disgust before following his father. Amberpaw glanced back at the apprentices, wondering if they'd heard. She saw Mudpaw shoot her a *I-told-you-so* look, and she knew that he had.

Amberpaw sighed. She finished off her sparrow and began to wash

herself. As the moon began to rise above the treetops, she wondered if anyone in the Clan was really worth trusting.

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Hiya!

Ambercloud14 here and the chapter is finally published! Woo-hoo! I'm really tired right now and sorry of the chapter is extra-long, I had a lot of things I wanted to cram in there. Anyways, guys, since my brain isn't really working right now, please let me know if you find any mistakes. Also, there's a purposely-put-there mistake in Chapter 7 or 8. I accidentally made it and it was kinda funny so I left it. Btw my 10 followers celebration book is published! I forgot what it was called but go check it out!

Anyways, guys, I hope you're enjoying my fanfic. Who do you want as the protagonist next? Let me know in the comments!
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~Chapter 10~

Amberpaw was padding along a worn dirt path. Forest trees were on either side of her, but she couldn't do anything but walk forward. She saw glinting eyes coming from the shadows and tried to walk faster, but her paws wouldn't allow her. The sun was beating down on Amberpaw and making her pelt feel too thick; her mouth wouldn't open when she tried to pant.

"Amberpaw!" a desperate cry came from the trees. Amberpaw noticed the voice of her sister immediately. *Stormpaw! I have to go help her!* But when she tried to break into a run, her paws forced her to keep padding slowly. Her body didn't let her turn. She heard Stormpaw's desperate cry of grief again, and then a wail of terror coming from the trees to her right. Snowpaw! Her sister were in danger!

Once again, Amberpaw struggled against the force that kept her walking in a straight line, but it was no use. She tried to flatten her ears against her head as more and more cries of grief and terror rose from the forest. Her ears remained pointing straight up so she heard every cry. Worst of all, Amberpaw recognised almost all of the wails.

Stormpaw. Snowpaw. Mudpaw. Flamepaw. Silkpaw. Mousepaw. Moonfire. Burntstar. Toadfeather. Forestpaw. Honeypaw. Daisypaw. Whitefall? Amberpaw felt a pang of confusion as she heard Whitefall's cry of horror echoing through the forest. She didn't know how she knew it was him — she'd never heard Whitefall's yowl before.

"Help us, Amberpaw!" Stormpaw's desperate cry pleaded from the shadows. Snowpaw echoed her sister's pleas.

"Help us!" the wailing voice of Moonfire rang out through the forest.

"I can't!" Amberpaw wretched her mouth open and yowled into the trees. Her paws kept her padded slowly along the forest. Her heart beat faster than it had even gone before. "I wish I could, but I can't!"

The wails of starving kits rose from the shadows and Amberpaw almost collapsed under the pressure of the cries. She yowled for them to stop but they didn't.

"I'm so sorry!" Amberpaw howled as she heard Toadfeather's desperate pleas for help. "I can't help you! I'm trapped — I wish I could! Stop!"

"Help me!" Stormpaw's cries filled her ears as suddenly cats began appearing out of the undergrowth and come marching towards her. Their eyes were wide with fear as they continued to plead for help. Amberpaw tried to run but she was trapped. Fear gripped her heart as the desperate cats came closer. Amberpaw felt her heart skip a beat as the cats crept closer and suddenly she was yanked into darkness.

The desperate cries of the cats faded away. Amberpaw focused on steadying her breathing and looked around. Thankfully she could move freely — she stretched her legs and tried walking, but no matter where she went all she could see was darkness. She broke into a run before she heard a voice.

"Amberpaw," a gentle, she-cat's voice echoed through the darkness. Amberpaw skidded to a stop and looked around.

"Hello?" she called. Nothing. "Where are you?"

No reply. Amberpaw kept walking, the fear that had disappeared after she'd entered the darkness slowly began to return. She kept walking until suddenly she found herself in a valley lit by soft moonlight. She continued padding forward until a shimmery cat came into view.

The she-cat was grey, with a pelt that glimmered with stars. Her eyes reflected the moon that hung in the dark sky above them. She gazed at Amberpaw knowingly for a few minutes before Amberpaw realised who she was.

"Owlbreeze!" Amberpaw burst out. "It's so good to see you! But...why are you here?"

Owlbreeze purred in amusement. "Good to see you too, Amberpaw. But I'm afraid that I have some urged matters to discuss."

Amberpaw sat down and licked her paw, drawing it over one ear. "Like what?"

Owlbreeze stood up and looked into Amberpaw's eyes. Amberpaw stopped washing herself and sat rigid, not daring to breathe.

"RainClan is in great danger," the grey she-cat hissed, her eyes narrowing. "And it's part of your duty to stop it."

Amberpaw let out a sharp breath. How could RainClan be in danger?"

"Like Sparrowfur said when you visited the Star Rock," Owlbreeze went on. "The path of Barkstripe's blood will lead to terrible things."

Amberpaw suddenly remembered the conversation between Barkstripe and Eaglefur that she'd overheard a few days ago. *I have to warn Burntstar.* But would her father believe her? Barkstripe was one of his most trusted senior warriors. Amberpaw was just a medicine cat apprentice — she was in no shape to hurl accustoms at one of RainClan's senior warriors. As for Eaglefur; he was brave and strong and respected by the Clan, even though he'd only just become a warrior a few moons ago.

"You know what you have to do," Owlbreeze hissed. "There's three others who will help you. Find them, and you must all work together to figure out who will destroy RainClan, and how."

"But can't you just tell me?" Amberpaw asked desperately. "I don't know the answers! Help me! You're meant to be wise! Can't you just kill the cats doing destined to destroy RainClan?"

"Some things you must figure out on your own," Owlbreeze's tone softened and she began to pad away. "Find the three Chosen Ones, Amberpaw, and all your questions will be answered."

"But who are they?" Amberpaw called after the grey she-cat. "Why can't you tell me?"

There was no reply as Owlbreeze faded into the distance. Amberpaw continued walking again, trying to catch up to the old she-cat when suddenly she stopped dead, a cry of horror escaping her mouth. In front of her was the dead body of a pale gold she-cat, her dark amber eyes staring out into the mountains on either side of the valley. Her throat was covered in oozing blood and Amberpaw could tell that it had been torn open by deadly claws.

With a jolt, Amberpaw realised who this was. "Honeypaw. Oh, no, no, no."

She crouched down beside the fallen apprentice, shoving her nose into her neck fur. Honeypaw's eyes, once so full of eagerness to train, where now lifeless and showed no sense of any feelings. *She hadn't even become a warrior yet,* Amberpaw thought as she nuzzled Honeypaw's soft fur. *What would Daisypaw think of this? Who killed her?*

Amberpaw stood and padded around to Honeypaw's paws. They were drenched in a small amount of blood, like she'd been fighting, but there was a clump of brown fur caught between her claws. Honeypaw had been killed by a brown cat.

"Eaglefur," Amberpaw guessed, but that didn't make sense to her. Honeypaw and Eaglefur were good friends; they spent a lot of time hunting together. Instead she decided, "Barkstripe."

Just as Amberpaw began to lick the dead apprentice's dusty fur clean, the once full moon seemed to shut. The moonlight evaporated away and Amberpaw was left in darkness once more. She felt around for Honeypaw but the pale gold she-cat was gone. She continued walking but found nothing. She'd left the valley completely.

"Amberpaw!" a voice cried out through the darkness. "Amberpaw, come quickly!"

Amberpaw shook her head and looked down, her tail dragging

down in the dust. She was in no condition to fight the desperate voices again. But this time it was only one voice, and it became more and more familiar and closer as it cried out.

"Amberpaw! Amberpaw, seriously! We need you right now!"

Amberpaw blinked. She was no longer in darkness, but lying in her nest in the medicine den. She looked around and noticed Toadfeather standing beside her, yowling into her ears.

"Amberpaw!" he growled. Her noticed her glancing at him and nodded. "Good, you're up. We'll need you for this."

"For what?" Amberpaw stood and stretched. What she'd experienced must have been a dream. Which meant that Honeypaw mustn't be dead. Right? *I'll got check on her after I eat,* Amberpaw decided. She also wanted to warn the pale gold apprentice about what she'd seen in her dream. Maybe Honeypaw was one of the three 'Chosen Ones' Owlbreeze had mentioned...

"Amberpaw!" Toadfeather snapped. "Come on, follow me!"

Amberpaw shook her head to clear her thoughts and followed Toadfeather into the herb store. Her stomach rumbled in protest. Amberpaw bent down and licked her chest fur to hide the alarm she'd felt in her dream.

"Can I go eat?" Amberpaw asked. She twitched her ears to try and hear his reply; she didn't get why all she could hear was ringing. Toadfeather turned around and hissed into her ears.

"No, we've got things to do!"

Amberpaw sighed. The ringing slowly disappeared, to be replaced with the sounds of hissing, yowling cats. She stopped dead at the back of the herb store.

"Toadfeather, what's going on?" she demanded. "Why can I hear fighting cats?"

Realisation hit her a heartbeat before Toadfeather answered. The brown tom was busy grabbing marigold leaves and wasn't really

listening, but Amberpaw padded right up to him and glared at her mentor.

"Are we under attack?" she asked. Toadfeather twitched his ears to show that he'd heard her, but he couldn't reply because of the herbs crammed in his mouth. On his way out he glanced at Amberpaw and flicked his tail in the direction of the poppy seeds and horsetail; Amberpaw understood immediately. She filled her out with horsetail and used her paws to carry the poppy seeds into the main section of the medicine den.

Toadfeather put the herbs down beside a small boulder. Amberpaw put her herbs beside his and dipped her paws into the tiny stream that ran through the medicine den so the poppy seeds were easier to carry. She added the poppy seeds to the pile.

"We are under attack," Toadfeather explained. "EmberClan came crashing through the ferns that line the camp a few minutes ago."

Amberpaw sat straight up in alarm. "Are my sisters okay?"

Toadfeather nodded. He set to work on making a poultice out of the marigold and horsetail leaves. He flicked his tail at Amberpaw. "Can you go get some cobwebs?"

Amberpaw darted into the herb store, her heart beating fast. A battle! She found the cobwebs and took them back to Toadfeather before peeking out of the lichen that covered the entrance to the medicine cat's den.

Scanning the clearing, Amberpaw quickly noticed that EmberClan was winning. They had gathered more cats together to fight. She quickly spotted Honeypaw and Daisypaw, fighting side by side. Amberpaw sighed with relief when she saw that the pale gold she-cat was fine apart from a few bites and scratches. A black tom leaped at them, but Honeypaw quickly darted underneath the EmberClan warrior and raked at his belly until he was sent running straight into Wolfstrike's outstretched claws. The black tom seemed to attack RainClan's deputy with twice the speed and strength than Wolfstrike. But the grey grey tabby she-cat was smarter. She nipped the back tom on the hind leg and raked her claws down his side. He

leaped onto her back and dug his claws in, but Wolfstrike thought fast. She flipped over onto her back and shoved the tom away with her hind legs. The tom was sent flying across the clearing where he landed with a *thud* and ran howling into the bushes.

Amberpaw found Stormpaw fighting a ginger tabby apprentice. The ginger tom was strong, but Stormpaw was faster. Amberpaw's sister darted around the ginger tabby, nipping at him and occasionally giving him a deep scratch until the tom looked overwhelmed. Stormpaw finally attacked him from behind, digging her claws into his hind legs and leaping onto the tabby's back. The ginger tom tried to shake her off and managed to roll over and crush Stormpaw beneath him. Stormpaw gave him a fierce bite on the shoulder and the tom quickly got up. Stormpaw slashed at the tom's muzzle but the ginger tabby ducked and aimed a blow at Stormpaw that caught her in the side of the head. Stormpaw managed to use her speed to make the ginger tom dizzy and knock him over. She ended the fight with a deep bite in the tabby's neck. The tom was sent howling into the bushes.

Nodding in approval, Amberpaw realised that RainClan was slowly winning. Then she noticed the still body of Dawnlily over beside the nursery. She turned back to Toadfeather.

"Dawnlily's hurt," Amberpaw announced. "Can I go get her a bring her back to the medicine den before an EmberClan warrior kills her?"

Toadfeather nodded, only half listening. Amberpaw whirled around only to notice that a black-and-white she-cat was standing in the entrance to the medicine den. Amberpaw squealed and stumbled backward. Toadfeather noticed the she-cat and hissed at her. Amberpaw realised with a jolt that this was Icetail, from the Gathering.

Icetail smiled cruelly. "A young apprentice and a foolish medicine cat? Weaklings."

Toadfeather growled. "We know how to fight."

"Sure you do," Icetail purred. "Don't worry, I'll make your death

quick and painless."

"Warrior's don't fight to kill," Amberpaw piped up, quoting one of the things Silkpaw often rehearsed. "They fight to make a point."

"And I am making a point by killing you," Icetail hissed, her pure white tail lashing. "Fools. You're weaklings, the pair of you. Now, who wants to die first? How about you, little apprentice?"

Icetail leaped. Toadfeather jumped in front of. Icetail ended up rolling the RainClan medicine cat over before she snarled and dug her claws into Toadfeather's shoulders. Amberpaw crouched low, watching with huge eyes. Her heart beat fast as she watched her mentor tackle with the fully-trained EmberClan warrior.

"Stop!"

Amberpaw felt her heart sink as a harsh voice called out. Was it more EmberClan warriors? A grey she-cat with darker grey flecks appeared in the entrance to the medicine den. Amberpaw breathed a sigh of relief as Riverfreckle bowled Icetail over and the two she-cats began snapping and clawing at each other. Toadfeather jumped back and crouched beside Amberpaw.

Riverfreckle bit into Icetail's hind leg, and the black-and-white EmberClan warrior howled in pain. Icetail aimed a blow at Riverfreckle that hit the grey she-cat in the muzzle. Riverfreckle let go of Icetail's leg and leaped on top of her instead. The two cats tussled with each other for a few moments before they broke apart. A piece of black fur hung from Riverfreckle's mouth and Icetail's paw was covered in blood from a deep bit in Riverfreckle's shoulder. Riverfreckle managed to dart under Icetail and send the black-and-white she-cat flying. Icetail crashed against the side of the cave used as the herb store and grunted. She tried to stand but collapsed under her scratched and swollen leg. Hissing and spitting, Icetail limped out of the medicine den.

Toadfeather nodded his thanks to Riverfreckle and the she-cat bounded out of the medicine den. The yowls of fighting cats began to slowly die away as more and more EmberClan warriors left the camp. Amberpaw padded to the front of the medicine den and

watched as the last enemy warrior, a light brown tabby tom, raced out of camp with a clump of fur missing from his tail.

"Come on," Toadfeather grabbed the poultice he'd made and a bunch of cobwebs. Amberpaw copied him and they both headed out of the den, treating the cats that needed the most attention. Once the worst bleeding wounds had been healed, Amberpaw headed back to the medicine den and came back with some ointment to put on a Whitepelt's leg, which had a clump of fur missing.

While she was applying the ointment to Whitepelt's leg, she heard a wail of grief come out of Mousepaw's mouth. Amberpaw finished with Whitepelt's leg and hurried over to her friend. She found him standing over his mother's unmoving body. With a jolt she realised that she'd forgotten something.

Dawnlily was dead, and it was all her fault.

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Hiya!

Just in case you didn't get that part — Amberpaw saw Dawnlily in need of medical attention, but Icetail stopped her from helping her, and then after RainClan had won the battle, Amberpaw had forgotten about Dawnlily. FYI, Dawnlily wasn't dead when Amberpaw first saw her. She was dead after the battle, because she'd been killed by an EmberClan warrior after Icetail appeared. That's why Amberpaw thinks of Dawnlily's death as her fault. BTW, Mousepaw and Silkpaw are Dawnlily's kits. Just in case you didn't already know that.

Anyways, as per usual, let me know if you find any mistakes. Next chapter will have Silkpaw as the protagonist, because I haven't gotten a chance to have her as a protagonist yet and I want too. After that, there'll be a few for chapters of Amberpaw and then most likely Stormpaw or Snowpaw. Next chapter — two apprentices become warriors! (I think it's pretty obvious who).

Do you have any guesses as to who the three Chosen Ones are? (Amberpaw is one of the four Chosen Ones btw). It says what they
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look like in the Prologue — hint, hint. Anyways, I hope you're enjoying this fanfic. If you have any plot ideas, feel free to let me know, thanks!

- Amber

~Chapter 11~

No. No, this can't be real.

Silkpaw couldn't process anything. As her brother's wail of grief rang out across the clearing, Silkpaw just stood there, numb, as Amberpaw hurried over to Mousepaw's side. Where *Silkpaw* should have gone. She, Silkpaw, should be over there, right now, comforting her brother and grieving over her mother's death.

But she couldn't move.

The pain of losing her mother was too big. As sadness gripped her heart she felt like he world was collapsing. A wail of grief escaped her mouth, and finally she broke free of her sadness and raced over too Mousepaw's side. Amberpaw was already there, staring at Dawnlily as if she'd just seen a ghost; her expression was hard to read, but she looked mostly shocked.

Silkpaw pressed her fluffy pelt against Mousepaw's own. They were both in pain, obviously, in more ways than one. After the battle with EmberClan, that brown tabby she'd been fighting had left her with some nasty scratches. Her leg was stinging and her legs were sore. She collapsed on the ground and gently pressed her nose to Dawnlily's soft cream-coloured pelt. The pelt that she'd grown up sleeping against.

Whoever did this will pay, Silkpaw's mind whispered, but she firmly pushed those thoughts away. *No, revenge doesn't solve anything. Whoever did this was just being loyal to their leader...but why did they have to kill this particular cat?*

Mousepaw lay down beside her. Amberpaw was called away by Toadfeather, and soon other cats joined them by Dawnlily's body. There was Foxheart and Moonfire, the two other queens that had been there at the time of Silkpaw and Mousepaw's birth, Tigerpelt,

Silkpaw and Mousepaw's father and Dawnlily's mate, Silverheart, Dawnlily's best friend.

"Don't worry."

Silkpaw turned her head to see Snowpaw. The black-and-white she-cat pressed her fur against Silkpaw's, which she found comforting.

"Thanks," Silkpaw replied, her voice full of sadness.

"Dawnlily was a great warrior, and mother," Snowpaw continued. "The Clan respected her. It's okay, Silkpaw — your mother died the way a true warrior wound, in battle, protecting her Clan."

She died for us. Silkpaw tried to believe it, but somehow she couldn't. She wished that she could, because it would make her feel a lot better. She curled her tail close to her body and looked away from Snowpaw.

"Do you know who killed her?" Snowpaw asked. Silkpaw didn't answer; of course she didn't know who killed Dawnlily! She was too busy with the brown tabby apprentice she was fighting. Snowpaw sighed and began washing her dusty, ruffled pelt.

Stormpaw appeared beside her sister. She didn't say anything but gave Silkpaw and Mousepaw a sympathetic look, which made Silkpaw angry. *I don't want your sympathy! All I want is for Dawnlily to come back!*

She choked back another wail of depression. Dawnlily *couldn't* be dead. She was a brave, strong warrior and a living mother, respected by the Clan. She had a mate and two kits. She *couldn't* just *die.* Silkpaw rested her head on her paws, her nose touching Dawnlily's neck fur, and prepared to stay there for the entire night.

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After the elders had taken Dawnlily's body for the burial, Silkpaw protested that she should go with them, since Dawnlily had been her mother. Of course, Tigerpelt told her that it was the elder's job to bury the dead warrior, not the apprentice's. *Stupid senior warriors,* Silkpaw thought as she headed back to the apprentices' den.
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Of course, just as soon as she curled up in her nest, she heard Burntstar's yowl ring out across the clearing.

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath Rockledge for a Clan meeting."

Sighing, Silkpaw struggled to her sore paws and padded out of the den. She sat down beside Mousepaw and pressed her pelt against his, as if to comfort him, but it was really to comfort her. Stormpaw, Snowpaw and Amberpaw joined them and shortly after Flamepaw and Mudpaw sat down behind them, shooting a sympathetic look at Silkpaw and Mousepaw. Silkpaw ignored them, but secretly she appreciated their kindness.

"Cats of RainClan," Burntstar yowled to the Clan from the Rockledge. "As you all know, we were recently attacked by EmberClan."

Oh, really? Silkpaw thought bitterly. *Never would have known. Thanks, Burntstar!* She flicked her tail in annoyance.

"We have lost our Clan-mate Dawnlily," Burntstar continued. Silkpaw felt a stab of pain at the memory of noticing her mother's death. "And the Clan is in desperate need of more warriors. Honeypaw, Daisypaw, please come forward."

Honeypaw and Daisypaw padded forward excitedly, eyes brought. *How can they be happy after what happened today?* Silkpaw glanced up at the moon and then at Silverpelt; Dawnlily would be among their warrior ancestors now.

"Silverheart, Jayflight, do you believe that these two are ready to become warriors?" Burntstar called, glancing at the pair of grey tabbies.

"Absolutely," Silverheart meowed, her pelt glowing silver in the moonlight.

"They fought like warriors in the EmberClan battle," Jayflight added, nodding his approval. Burntstar nodded, turning back to Honeypaw and Daisypaw.

"I, Burntstar, leader of RainClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on these two apprentices. They have trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend them to you as warriors in their turn," Burntstar quoted, looking up at the stars as he spoke. Once he had finished speaking, his gaze rested on Honeypaw and Daisypaw. "Honeypaw, Daisypaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your lives?"

"I do," Daisypaw murmured. Honeypaw copied her shortly after, her fur bristling with exitement and her eyes shining.

"Then by the powers of SpiritClan I give you your warrior names," Burntstar continued. He leaped down from the Rockledge and padded over to Honeypaw. "Honeypaw, from this moment on you will be known as Honeyflower. SpiritClan honours your bravery and your strength, and we welcome you as a full warrior of RainClan."

Burntstar rested his muzzle on top of Honeyflower's head. She licked his shoulder and backed away to join the other warriors. Burntstar turned to Daisypaw and continued the ceremony.

"Daisypaw, from this moment on you will be known as Daisyfern. SpiritClan honours your bravery and your strength, and we welcome you as a full warrior of RainClan," Burntstar rested his muzzle on Daisyfern's head and the white she-cat licked his shoulder in return. The Clan began to cheer the warriors' new names.

"Honeyflower! Daisyfern! Honeyflower! Daisyfern!"

Silkpaw didn't join in. Mousepaw called out a half-hearted cheer before stopping and staring at the ground in sadness. It didn't seem *right* that the Clan was so happy after Dawnlily's death.

"It is almost moonhigh," Burntstar observed. "In the tradition of our ancestors, Honeyflower and Daisyfern must sit in silent vigil until dawn, and guard the camp alone while we sleep."

Good, Silkpaw's mind hissed. She watched as her friends padded away to congratulate their old den-mates before following

Mousepaw back to the apprentices' den. She curled up in her nest and let sleep overtake her grief for her lost mother.

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Hiya!

I wrote this all in one night — yay! Two (three?) chapters in one day!!!!!! I'm enjoying writing this and I hope everyone is enjoying reading it! Sorry that this chapter was a bit short. Did I explain Silkpaw's grief well?

As per usual, let me know if you find any mistakes, let me know if you have plot ideas or if you want to see a particular cat as a protagonist. Sorry about forgetting about the 'Allegiances' page, guys, so if you would like for me to make a seperate book so I can add the allegiances please let me know! I would be happy to do it.

- Amber
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~Chapter 12~

Amberpaw woke the next day with the pangs of terror from her dream still inside her. She'd been falling into an endless black pit, neither hitting the ground nor banging into any walls. Darkness was spread around her. Amberpaw shivered at the memory.

She sat up in her nest and quickly washed herself. Toadfeather emerged from his den and nodded at Amberpaw before hurrying out of the medicine den. *He's probably going to collect herbs,* Amberpaw thought to herself. She stood up, stretched, and padded out of the medicine den. She looked around and sighed with relief when she saw that everything seemed to be fine.

Barkstripe was sharing a mouse by the warriors' den with Patchfoot, and Riverfreckle was just headed over to join them. Silverheart was leading a patrol that consisted of Ashtail, Foxheart and Daisyfern. Honeyflower and Eaglefur were sharing tongues beside the nursery; Willowheart was sunning her swollen belly nearby. Burntstar was just emerging from his den to find Moonfire waiting for him, flicking her tail in pleasure as her mate greeted her.

Amberpaw's yellow eyes followed Wolfstrike as the dark grey she-cat padded over to the apprentices' den and poked her head inside. A minute later, Stormpaw appeared, shaking her moss-covered pelt and meowing to her mentor. A few heartbeats later Wolfstrike padded over to Burntstar's den with a flick of her tail and Stormpaw went to the fresh-kill pile. She bounded back to the apprentices' den with a sparrow in her jaws; she lay down to eat just as Snowpaw and Mousepaw left the den and joined her. A heartbeat later Mudpaw and Flamepaw were racing back from the fresh-kill pile to eat beside the tree stump. Silkpaw was nowhere to be seen. Amberpaw padded over to the fresh-kill pile and selected a crow for herself. She headed across the clearing to where her friends were sharing prey.

"Hi, Amberpaw," Flamepaw meowed as Amberpaw joined them. "Stormpaw was just telling us about what she'll be doing today."

"Okay," Amberpaw lay down and bit into the crow.

"Wolfstrike's showing me a new battle move!" Stormpaw bragged. "We're going to be in sandy hollow all day, she told me."

"When Riverfreckle gets back we're going to the pond to catch fish," Snowpaw implied. "And then we're going to patrol the borders."

"I'm going to be in a patrol too," Mousepaw cut in. "With Ashtail. When he gets back, we're doing battle training and then we'll be on the sunhigh patrol!"

"Well, *I'm* doing battle training!" Mudpaw meowed excitedly. "Ivytail says we need more warriors."

"Thistlestorm's taking me on another stupid hunt," Flamepaw muttered. "I wanted to do battle training, but apparently the sandy hollow's too *full*."

"Well, it would be," Stormpaw replied. "With me, Mudpaw and Mousepaw all there. Maybe you'll do some battle training tomorrow?"

"Maybe," Flamepaw huffed. He stood up and shook his pelt. "I better get going. Thistlestorm wants me to meet him at the pond by sunhigh."

"I'll come with you," Snowpaw offered, finishing off her vole and standing up. "Bye, guys!"

"Bye," Amberpaw called as the two apprentices hurried away. She turned to Mousepaw. "Where's Silkpaw? Is she already out?"

Mousepaw shook his head. "She's still in her den. I think Dawnlily's death made her really upset."

"It didn't seem to have any effect on you!" Stormpaw joked. "I mean, look at you — all happy and cheerful the day after."

Mousepaw shrugged. "I guess. I'm just not moaning about it like Silkpaw is. Think about it this way; I want to become the cat Dawnlily wanted me to become, and how can I achieve my goal of

becoming a warrior if I just spend my time moaning about her death?"

"Makes sense," Amberpaw nodded. "Maybe you should go talk to Silkpaw."

"After training," Mousepaw promised. "Patchfoot's coming to get her."

Amberpaw looked up and noticed Patchfoot padded over to meet them. He stopped and looked into the apprentices' den.

"Where's Silkpaw?" he asked. "Surely she's not still asleep?"

"She is," Mudpaw answered. "I think she's a bit upset about Dawnlily's death. She was having nightmares last night."

Mousepaw nodded in agreement. Patchfoot sighed.

"Some training will do her good," he meowed. "She needs to get over Dawnlily's death."

Amberpaw nodded. Patchfoot padded into the den and emerged a heartbeat later. Silkpaw trotted wearily behind him. She didn't even look at the rest of the apprentices as she followed her mentor out of camp, her pale gold tail dragging limply in the dust.

"See what I mean?" Mousepaw shot Amberpaw and Mudpaw a knowing look. He finished his prey and began washing himself. Mudpaw scoffed down his rabbit and rose to his paws.

"Anyway, I'd better go," he stretched and licked his forepaw, drawing it over one ear. "Ivytail will expecting me at the sandy hollow."

"See you!" Amberpaw and Mousepaw yowled after the brown tom. Mousepaw rolled over onto his back and purred as the sun hit his flank. Amberpaw finished her crow and spat out a mouthful of feathers. She noticed that Burntstar and Wolfstrike had seemed to forget about the rule of apprentices only traveling with a warrior. Most of the apprentices had just left camp by themselves, so it would be fine for her to do the same, wouldn't it?

"I'm going for a walk," she told Mousepaw, who only nodded, closing his eyes in pleasure. "See you later!"

Without waiting for a reply, she bounced out of camp and into the forest. She slowed down as the comforting forest scents wrapped around her. It felt good to be finally out of camp after spending the entire day trapped inside yesterday.

She decided to head to the sandy hollow where Stormpaw and Mudpaw were supposed to be. As Amberpaw pushed her way through the brambles that lined the hollow, she heard the sounds of fighting cats. *EmberClan!* But when she emerged in the sandy hollow all she found was Snowpaw and Mudpaw training together. Ivytail was watching with her tail wrapped around her paws. Riverfreckle suddenly appeared beside her and the pair mowed at each other for a moment before facing the pair or apprentices.

Amberpaw left Snowpaw and Mudpaw to their battle training and bounded away towards a stream near the Gathering Hollow. She scented Toadfeather nearby; perhaps he was picking the dock leaves that grew near here. She dipped her paws into the stream and gratefully bent down to drink. The water rushing past her paws was freezing cold but she hardly noticed it.

"Amberpaw."

Amberpaw's head shot straight upright, splattering droplets everywhere. She looked around and noticed a grey she-cat sitting a rock not far off. Owlbreeze!

"Amberpaw, I have come to remind you," the she-cat meowed, flicking her tail impatiently. "It has been a few days, and yet you haven't even began searching for the Chosen Ones."

"Sorry," Amberpaw ducked her head and stepped out of the stream. "I kind of...got busy. The Clan went threw a lot."

"I know," Owlbreeze answered. "I watch over RainClan from SpiritClan, and walk among them at times. But that is why RainClan needs the four Chosen Ones now more than ever."

Amberpaw nodded, dipping her head in respect. "I will do what I can to find them. How far away are they?"

Owlbreeze purred with amusement. "Far? One of them is right behind you."

"What do you mean?" Amberpaw yowled desperately as Owlbreeze faded away. "Wait — who are the Chosen Ones? You have to help me!"

Amberpaw gazed down at the stream and waited a few minutes to let her thoughts sort themselves out. Three Chosen Ones? And Owlbreeze had said one was right behind her...she whirled around but found nobody. Nothing but trees and a mouse scuffling around in the undergrowth. No Chosen Ones, unless Owlbreeze meant the mouse, which didn't seem likely. *Ha! A mouse saving RainClan! Imagine!*

Just as Amberpaw was about to turn back to the stream, someone cleared their throat and meowed, "Hi, Amberpaw. What are you up too?"

Amberpaw looked up just as Mudpaw padded out of the undergrowth.

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Hiya!

I don't have anything to say but let me know if there's any mistakes, or you have plot ideas, or you want to suggest a character to be a protagonist. Thanks for reading my fanfic, I hope you're enjoying it!

- Amber
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~Chapter 13~

"Mudpaw?" Amberpaw burst out, stumbling out of the stream and padding over to him. "What are you doing here?"

"Hunting mission," Mudpaw answered. He sat down and licked a forepaw, drawing it over his ear. "I could ask the same of you."

"I'm just out for a walk," Amberpaw meowed bluntly. "I felt like a drink."

"Why were you talking to yourself?" the brown apprentice stopped washing himself and gazed at Amberpaw with suspicious amber eyes. Amberpaw narrowed her eyes and looked away.

"None of your business," she hissed, the remembered that Owlbreeze had said another 'Chosen One' had been behind her. Could Mudpaw really be destined to save RainClan along with her? It would make sense. Mudpaw was kind, protective and a great warrior.

Mudpaw shrugged. "Okay...but it's pretty suspicious if you're standing in a stream talking to a rock."

"I'm not talking to a rock!" Amberpaw burst out in annoyance. "I'm talking to SpiritClan!"

She slammed her mouth shut as soon as she realised what she'd just said. Mudpaw blinked in surprise.

"Oh, right, you have medicine cat powers," he meowed, twitching his ears. "Flamepaw says you're weird."

"Good," Amberpaw snapped. "What are you doing here?"

Mudpaw hesitated. "Why do you want to know?"

Amberpaw sighed and told him everything. Sparrowflight's prophecy at the Star Rock, — though she wasn't meant to mention that — her dream with the wailing cats and Owlbreeze's warning, her recent meeting with the grey she-cat and her reminder. Mudpaw listened carefully, occasionally nodding and asking questions, and Amberpaw answered all of them. She trusted Mudpaw with the information...why not, if he was another Chosen One?

When Amberpaw mentioned Sparrowflight's prophecy, Mudpaw shot her an *I told you so* look, murmuring. "See? Eaglefur is totally evil!"

Amberpaw ignored him; she still didn't believe Eaglefur was evil, even after overhearing the brown-and-white tom's conversation with his father awhile ago. She didn't fully understand Sparrowflight's prophecy yet. Besides...it could be Barkstripe who was the evil one. *Or...Mudpaw. Or Flamepaw. But that wouldn't make sense. Mudpaw is a Chosen One. How could he be evil? Flamepaw...I'm not so sure.*

She shook her head to clear her thoughts. Nobody was evil. Everything was fine. Was it?

"Nobody is evil!" Amberpaw yowled, half to herself. "The Clan is thriving. Everything is fine. Was is there to worry about?"

Mudpaw gave her a weird glance, like he was a bit confused.

"There is no evil!" Amberpaw repeated at him. "We're fine! Everything is fine! We're all safe and we'll-fed and nobody's dying and — "

"Amberpaw," Mudpaw murmured, a worry clouding in his amber eyes. He rested his tail tip on Amberpaw's shoulder. "maybe you should go back to camp. After all...EmberClan could be lurking around, and I don't think you're...you're...um, I don't think you alright at the moment."

"What do you mean?" Amberpaw shrugged off his tail. She stormed out of the clearing and yowled behind her, "I'm fine, mouse-brain!"

She heard Mudpaw call after her, but Amberpaw kept running. She couldn't think about the bad things anymore — Rippledawn's death, EmberClan's attack, the weight of being in the prophecy on her shoulders. She didn't ask for this! If Amberpaw had a choice, she wouldn't be a Chosen One.

Why me, of all cats? Amberpaw's mind whispered as she slowed to a stop beside the sandy hollow. *Why did SpiritClan choose me, a medicine cat apprentice, instead of a warrior apprentice like Stormpaw or Snowpaw?*

"Amberpaw, there you are."

Amberpaw sighed and then stopped herself. Slowly, she tilted her head upwards; yellow eyes met icy-blue ones as she gazed at Wolfstrike. The deputy didn't comment on Amberpaw's sigh but instead asked her a question.

"Where did you go?" Wolfstrike narrowed her eyes suspiciously and looked behind her as Mudpaw trotted down the path towards the two she-cats. "Make that where did you *both* go?"

"We were near the Gathering Hollow," Amberpaw answered honestly. Mudpaw padded forward a few steps to stand beside her. Wolfstrike turned her sky-blue gaze to the brown apprentice.

"Didn't Ivytail send you out hunting?" Wolfstrike flicked her tail in annoyance. Mudpaw nodded guiltily. "Then explain why I don't smell any prey-scent on you."

"I was heading towards the pond," Mudpaw explained with a twitch of his ears. "I thought there'd be good hunting there. I found Amberpaw by the stream near the Gathering Hollow; I wanted to see what she was doing. And...and then..."

Don't tell her about the prophecy! Amberpaw screamed at him inside her head. *Don't mention how I yelled at you, either! Make something up!* Mudpaw stood there blinking for a few moments before glancing back up at RainClan's deputy and continuing.

"Amberpaw was just leaving to see if Toadfeather needed any help,"

Mudpaw lied. Amberpaw suppressed a sigh of relief. "So I haven't been able to hunt yet. But I promise I will!"

Wolfstrike nodded slowly. She flicked her tail in the direction of the pond. "Then continue your task. When did Ivytail want you back by?"

"Sunhigh, so she can do some battle training with me as well," Mudpaw replied, looking relieved that Wolfstrike had believed his lie so easily. Wolfstrike looked up at the sky; the sun still hadn't reached the highest point, and it wasn't far off.

"You don't have long," Wolfstrike observed. "Be quick. Alright, off you go. When you come back, show me what you caught. I don't want any apprentices falling behind."

Mudpaw dipped his head and raced away into the undergrowth in the direction of the pond. Wolfstrike turned back to Amberpaw.

"Is what he said true?" she asked, narrowing her eyes. "I don't want liars in the Clan either."

Amberpaw's eyes stretched wide. Could she really lie to the Clan deputy? She would get in trouble if she did; she shivered at the thought of having to remove ticks from the elders. Usually the warrior apprentices did that.

"Yes," Amberpaw lied with a feeling of guilt. *This is wrong! You can't lie to the Clan deputy!* But still she continued. "Everything he just said was true."

Wolfstrike nodded. The guilt in Amberpaw's stomach got bigger, and she began to feel sick.

"Go back to camp and help Toadfeather," she ordered. "He might need help with Willowheart."

"Willowheart? What's wrong with her?" panic grabbed at Amberpaw's heart. "Is she sick? Hurt?"

Wolfstrike purred in amusement. "No, don't worry. She's going to have kits, that's all."

Amberpaw sighed in relief. "That's good news."

Wolfstrike nodded, flicking her tail towards the camp. "You may go now."

Amberpaw hurried away quickly. It would be nice to have a new queen moving into the nursery; it had been empty and cold every since Dawnlily's kits became apprentices. She pushed her way into camp and padded over to Toadfeather's den, nor bothering to mew a 'hello' to Silkpaw, who was sunning herself beside the tree stump. Amberpaw found Toadfeather murmuring quietly to Willowheart; the pale brown she-cat's belly was more swollen than it was before.

Toadfeather stopped talking abruptly when he spotted Amberpaw; she couldn't help but wonder what they were talking about. *It must be about Willowheart's unborn kits,* she decided.

"Wolfstrike said you needed me?" Amberpaw sat down and licked her paw, drawing it over one ear. Toadfeather looked confused for a few heartbeats before nodding like her just remembered.

"Right," the fluffy brown tabby glanced at Willowheart before rising to his paws and padding into the herb store. He reappeared with a bunch of herbs wrapped in a dusty leaf. He dropped the package beside Amberpaw and sat down again.

"What's this?" Amberpaw sniffed the herbs curiously. She remembered what some of the herbs where, but she didn't understand why they were all wrapped up like that. She identified tansy, daisy leaves and poppy seeds.

"Herbs for Stormpaw," Toadfeather explained. "She should be in her den, if she followed my instructions. She hurt her back during training yesterday, and she needs these herbs for it. Make her eat the tansy, and then chew the daisy leaves into a poultice and spread it over her back, when the pain is the worst. Once she's finished the tansy, wait for a few heartbeats and then give her two poppy seeds. Take the other three to Cindercloud, his paws are aching again."

Amberpaw nodded. She picked up the herb package and padded out of the den. She was aware that Toadfeather continued murmuring

to Willowheart the minute her tail vanished from the medicine den.

She shook her head to clear her thoughts. Right now she had to focus on healing Stormpaw's wounded back. She padded over to the apprentice's den and stopped beside Silkpaw, dropping the herbs.

"Hi, Silkpaw," Amberpaw meowed, prodding the pale gold she-cat with a forepaw. Silkpaw's eyes fluttered open and she rolled over onto her stomach, blinking up at Amberpaw.

"Hi, Amberpaw," Silkpaw sniffed the herbs Amberpaw had dropped on the ground. "Are these for Stormpaw?"

Amberpaw nodded. Silkpaw smiled and flicked her tail.

"Good, she's been complaining about her sore back since dawn," Silkpaw sighed, rolling over onto her back again, sunlight dappling her pelt. "Stormpaw's in the den, but she's fast asleep, finally. Be careful, though, I think she's having nightmares."

Amberpaw nodded, feeling a pang of worry for her sister. "Thanks, Silkpaw!"

She picked up the herbs and pushed her way inside the apprentice's den. Once her eyes had adjusted to the sudden darkness, she gazed around, looking for Stormpaw. She spotted Flamepaw, curled up in his nest, breathing heavily. Amberpaw narrowed her eyes at him to make sure that it wasn't actually Stormpaw, but she recognised his dark ginger tabby pelt and kept looking.

"Stormpaw?" Amberpaw called softly. She heard a grunt from a nest at the back of the den; padding over quietly, she found her sister fast asleep in her nest, bits of moss clinging onto her pelt. Unlike Flamepaw — who was neatly curled up— Stormpaw was on her side with her legs stretched out, shaking slightly. She let out a small whimper and Amberpaw panicked.

Amberpaw prodded Stormpaw in the side, earning a whack in the muzzle from Stormpaw. Her sister didn't wake up, but kept sleeping, shaking and whimpering and occasionally letting out a panicked yowl. Flamepaw grunted, raising his head, yellow eyes

narrowed in annoyance.

He spotted Amberpaw and rose to his paws. "I'll help you wake her."

"Thanks," Amberpaw replied gratefully. She prodded Stormpaw's side again, but this time Stormpaw just suddenly stopped and lay still, her heaving breathing becoming more calm and gentle. Flamepaw snorted and jabbed her with sheathed claws.

"Don't hurt her," Amberpaw warned. "She's got a sore back."

"I know she's got a sore back!" Flamepaw flicked his tail impatiently. He jabbed Stormpaw again. "Wake up! Come on! Training, or, whatever!"

Amberpaw sighed and prodded Stormpaw again. "Come on, Stormpaw! Wake up! I have herbs for you!"

"Hang on, this might work," Flamepaw glanced down at the herbs. He picked up the tansy and waved it around Stormpaw's nose. Stormpaw's whiskers twitched and then suddenly she leapt up, yowling in surpirse, following by a moan of pain from her sore back.

"Good idea," Amberpaw meowed to Flamepaw gratefully. She looked at her sister. "Stormpaw? Are you alright?"

"Apart from my back, I'm fine," Stormpaw muttered sleepily. She waved her tail at Flamepaw. "What was that you shoved in my face?"

"Tansy," Amberpaw replied for the dark ginger tabby. She ignored Stormpaw's 'shoving in my face' remark and pushed the tansy towards her. "Eat these."

Stormpaw bent down and lapped up the tansy leaves. As she ate the tansy, Amberpaw chewed the daisy leaves into a poultice and began rubbing it on Stormpaw's back, using her paws to find where the pain was the worst.

"Flamepaw!" Thistlestorm stuck his head into the apprentice's den and narrowed his eyes at his apprentice. "Time for battle training,

come on."

Flamepaw nodded and flicked his tail at Amberpaw and Stormpaw in farewell. He scampered out of the den and followed his mentor out of camp.

"Good," Stormpaw meowed around the tansy. "I need to talk to you, Amberpaw."

"Why?" Amberpaw felt a stab of surprise. "Is it something to do with your nightmares?"

"Yes," Stormpaw finished the tansy and sat up in her nest. Amberpaw paused, the daisy leaves still smeared all over her paws. Stormpaw continued. "I would tell Toadfeather, but I trust you more, and well, you're my sister."

Amberpaw nodded, deciding not to interrupt.

"I was in the forest," Stormpaw went on, her yellow eyes wide with fear. "And then...then suddenly dark cats appeared from the trees...and...and...they were crying out for help. But I couldn't help them. I was frozen."

Amberpaw froze in shock. *I had the same dream! How is that possible?*

"The cats were attacked," Stormpaw shivered at the memory. "I recognised their voices, too. There was you, Snowpaw, Silkpaw, Mousepaw, Flamepaw, Mudpaw...Burntstar, Moonfire, Riverfreckle...it was scary. They were attacked by cats I couldn't see. There was a lot of blood, and...and...the f-forest filled up with b-blood and I was d-drowning."

That didn't happen in my dream, Amberpaw realised. *Why was it sent to an apprentice instead of a medicine cat like Toadfeather?*

"But then the forest disappeared," Stormpaw's eyes glowed for a second in relief. "And I was in a valley. There...there was a cat in front of me, telling me to beware. And...and something else, but I can't remember."

Amberpaw nodded. Her mind automatically ran through a list of

herbs that might help with Stormpaw's shock. She finished coating Stormpaw's back in the daisy leaf poultice and fed her some poppy seeds. Stormpaw gratefully lapped up the poppy seeds and curled up in her nest, soon falling asleep, her tail flicking occasionally. Amberpaw licked her sister on the head and slowly padded out of the den. Silkpaw was still there, purring as the sun warmed her fluffy pelt.

Suddenly the camp was gone. A blinding light flashing in front of Amberpaw, and she had to scrunch her eyes closed. Then the silhouettes of four cats came striding forward, eyes flashing in determination. Amberpaw saw herself, tortoiseshell fur gleaming and her yellow eyes sharp. Beside her was Mudpaw, his pelt slightly ruffled and his claws unsheathed, ready for a fight. Amberpaw couldn't make out the cat on the other side of her, on the cat on the other side of Mudpaw.

The Four are coming...

Amberpaw jumped. Where was that voice coming from? She glanced around but saw nothing but the light blinding her vision. She faced the four cats again, but they were gone. Amberpaw blinked and then suddenly the camp came back. Amberpaw sighed with relief and found that she was breathing heavily.

"Amberpaw?" Silkpaw meowed from her spot beside the tree stump. "Are you okay? You look like you just saw a ghost!"

Amberpaw shook her head and blinked. "No, Silkpaw, I'm fine."

Silkpaw nodded and rolled over onto her back again. Amberpaw was just about to head back to the medicine den when a voice echoing in her ears.

The Four are coming...

Amberpaw narrowed her eyes in annoyance. *I know the Four are coming! Who are you?* She waited silently for a few heartbeats, but there was no reply.

"Amberpaw!" Toadfeather called, sticking his head out of the

medicine den. "I need you to mix some herbs for me!"

"Okay!" Amberpaw hurried away without bothering to meow a 'bye' to Silkpaw. As she padded into the medicine den, she wondered what would become of RainClan of the Four *didn't* come.

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Hiya!

Chapter 13 done! Sorry this took so long to publish — I was very busy. Plus I was working on my Dovewing and Ivypool drawing. Anyways, I hope you're enjoying my fanfic. As per usual, let me know if there's any mistakes, if you have any plot ideas, or if there's a character that you want to see as a protagonist!

- κεχριμπάρι (Amber in Greek •̀◡•́)
~~~~~

~Chapter 14~

A few days later, Stormpaw was pleased to find that her sore back had healed. She no longer had to curl up in her nest, the pain taking over her body and making her unable to think properly.

She woke the day before the full moon with her head buzzing. She'd just had a nightmare — more howling cats, drowning in blood. She wanted to ask Toadfeather about it, but he was busy enough with Amberpaw's training and tending to the Clan's needs. He probably didn't need her hassling him about a random dream that meant nothing.

Sighing, Stormpaw sat up in her nest and looked around. Sunlight was filtering through the opening to the apprentices's den, and through the dim light, Stormpaw could just see Mousepaw, Silkpaw and Snowpaw. Mudpaw and Flamepaw must have left for training already.

"Stormpaw?" a stern voice called. Stormpaw looked up to see Wolfstrike's head sticking into the den, calling her name. She stood up in her nest and shook the moss from her pelt.

"Coming!" she called to Wolfstrike, bouncing out of the den eagerly. "What are we doing today?"

"Hunting," RainClan's deputy replied. "Have something to eat and then meet me at the training hollow by sunhigh."

Stormpaw nodded and trotted past Flamepaw — who was sunning himself by the tree stump. His stomach rumbled hungrily as she neared the fresh-kill pile. Stormpaw flicked her tail and chose a mouse for herself, and, after a few heartbeats, a vole for Flamepaw, and then hurried back over to the apprentices's den.

Flamepaw looked up in surpirse as she dropped the vole beside him.

He took it gratefully and positioned himself to eat. Stormpaw flopped down beside him.

"Thanks," Flamepaw murmured between mouthfuls. Stormpaw bit into her mouse and watched as Amberpaw came over to join them with a squirrel.

"Hi Amberpaw," Stormpaw meowed to her sister. Amberpaw waved her tail in greeting as she lay down on the ground beside Stormpaw. It was leaf-fall, and the camp was full of scattered red or orange leaves.

"Toadfeather!" Foxheart was racing across the nursery towards the medicine den. Amberpaw flicked her tail impatiently, and Foxheart disappeared into the den. Stormpaw turned back to the rest of the camp.

Riverfreckle and Ivytail were sharing a rabbit beside the warriors's den. A hunting patrol consisting of Barkstripe, Silverheart and Honeypaw entered the camp and dropped their catches on the fresh-kill pile. Silverheart exchanged a few words with Wolfstrike and then lead Honeyflower out of the camp. Cindercloud and Blackpelt were sunning themselves by the elders's den, but Misteye and Mistyflower were still in their nests. Thistlestorm, Jayflight and Daisypaw were just returning from the dawn patrol. Daisypaw headed straight for the fresh-kill pile while Thistlestorm and Jayflight talked with Wolfstrike and Burntstar, who had just exited his den. Then they hurried over to the fresh-kill pile and over to where Tigerpelt was eating a shrew by himself.

"Whitepelt!" Wolfstrike called, sticking her head into the warriors's den. "Ashtail!"

Whitepelt appeared in front of the Clan deputy and a heartbeat later Ashtail followed.

"Morning patrol," Wolfstrike ordered. Then her voice dropped to a whisper so Stormpaw had to strain her ears to listen. "And make sure to double-mark the EmberClan border. Jayflight thinks they're trying to steal a slice of our territory."

Whitepelt and Ashtail nodded.

"Shall I bring Mousepaw?" the dark grey tom asked, and Wolfstrike nodded. Ashtail bounced over to Mousepaw and told him about the patrol.

"Bye!" Mousepaw called as he trotted away with his mentor and Whitetail. Wolfstrike strode away, flicking her tail anxiously. She headed over to Burntstar, spoke to him, and then the pair padded over to Toadfeather's den. Just as they were about to enter, Foxheart and Toadfeather burst out of the den and rushed past them, Foxheart looking panicked. Toadfeather called for Amberpaw as he passed them.

"I better go," Amberpaw meowed anxiously. "I wonder what's happening?"

Stormpaw shrugged and watched as her sister finished her meal and hurried after Toadfeather to the nursery. She heard a wail from inside, and fear gripped her. Had something bad happened to Willowheart?

Within and instant, Jayflight was ducking inside the nursery after them, obviously worried about his mate. Wolfstrike and Burntstar stood outside the medicine den for a moment, puzzled, and then Burntstar spoke to his deputy and bounded across the clearing to the nursery.

A moment later Jayflight appeared. "Willowheart's having her kits!" he announced, and then hurried out of camp. Stormpaw wondered where he was going until he returned a moment later with a piece of bark. She watched as he headed back into the nursery.

"Stormpaw," Wolfstrike had appeared beside her. "Come on. We'd better go do some training. The training hollow will be empty until sunhigh, so we should take advantage of that."

Stormpaw nodded reluctantly and meowed a 'bye' to Flamepaw, who was now washing himself. He twitched his ear to show he'd heard her. Stormpaw followed her mentor out of the camp and to the sandy hollow. The trees were all coated with golden leaves that

sent dappled sunlight flying across the forest. The training hollow was empty, and shaded.

"Okay," Wolfstrike turned suddenly to face Stormpaw. "We're going to practice some of the basic moves I taught you and then I'll teach you a knew one when Silverheart and Honeypaw arrive."

Stormpaw flicked her tail happily. Wolfstrike crouched.

"Try and land on my back," she ordered. "Don't let me unbalance you."

Stormpaw nodded, then pinned her eyes onto Wolfstrike's shoulders. That would be where she'd land. Certain, Stormpaw sprang. In an instant, Wolfstrike darted away, causing Stormpaw to crash onto the ground where her mentor had once been. She sat up and snorted out a mouthful of dust.

"I told you this before!" Wolfstrike muttered impatiently. "Your eyes betrayed where you were aiming. Try again."

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Hey everyone, so I'm probably never going to finish this because it's not that well written and I don't have the motivation to do it anymore (hence the reason I haven't updated in years lol). But I wrote this chapter ages ago and I'm not going to finish it so y'all can read the start of it :P

Anyways I hope you liked the story. I'm just going to mark it as completed because I'm not writing it anymore (I'll put that in the description)

- Amber
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~Note~

In case you missed the last message I am not writing this anymore. I don't necessarily want to write it anymore. But if there was a only few chapters left I would probably just force myself to, but there's still half the book to go so :|

I hope you liked the story anyways. I would recommend if you want to read an actually good Warrior cats fanfic go read

I might still update my second WOF book but I'm not sure. I don't really read WOF or Warrior cats that much anymore.

I will just mark this book as completed because I will never finish it.

- Amber